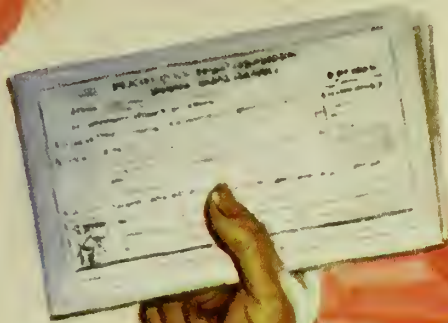
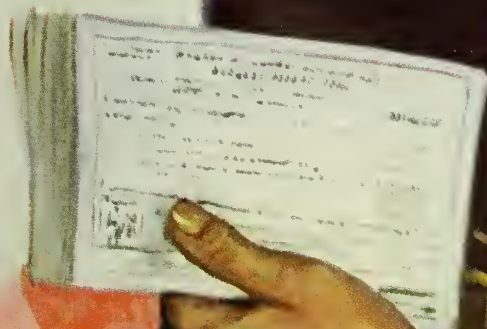


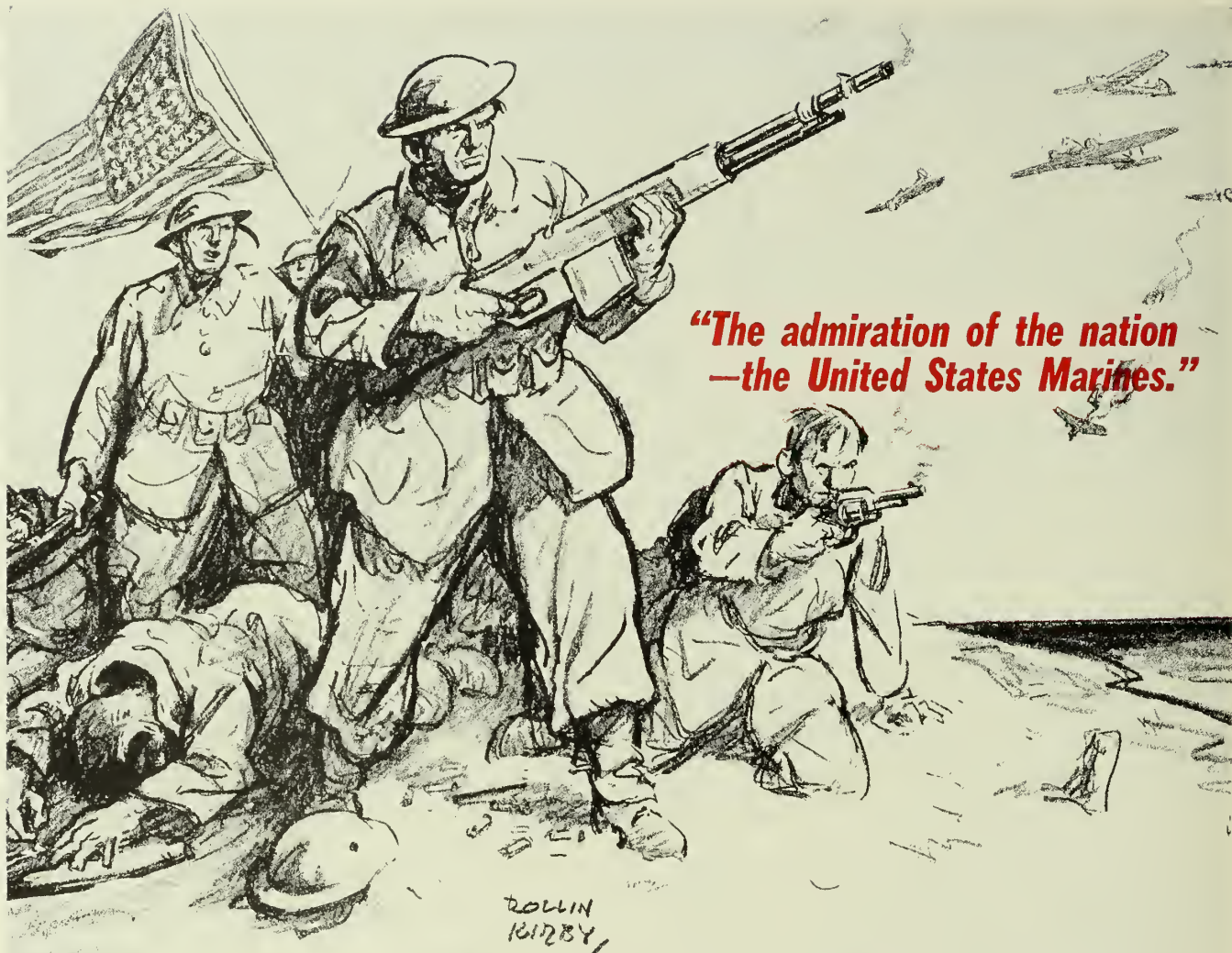
THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE



BONDS



APRIL
1942



**"The admiration of the nation
—the United States Marines."**

This motion picture is dedicated to the 385 U.S. Marines who, at Wake Island, wrote in blood and bravery the most stirring chapter in their 166 years of fighting history!

Now! THE FACT-AND-FURY-FILLED
STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE MEN WHO
MADE THE WAR'S MOST RINGING BATTLE-CRY!

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

JOHN PAYNE • MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT
with NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLUM
Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling • Screen Play by Lamar Tratti • Original Story by Steve Fisher
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



"From the Halls of Montezuma
to the Shores of Tripoli!"
— U. S. Marine Hymn

Coming to
your favorite
theatre soon!



A Red, White and Blue Action Hit Rousingly Filmed in **TECHNICOLOR!**

HERE'S WHAT AXIS VICTORY WOULD MEAN TO YOU

A Proclamation

To the People of the United States of America, Occupied by the German Army

DECREE

To safeguard the property of the United States and to prevent acts against the security of the American people and the German Occupation forces

By virtue of authority vested in me by My Fuehrer and All-Mightiest Commander of the Army, I decree:

I. All powers of state in the United States rest in the hands of the Army of Occupation.

II. The occupying forces have taken command of all government offices, the courts, the police, all transport, banks, industrial plants, farms, universities, schools, hospitals and churches. All executives, white collar workers and laborers, insofar as they are retained by the Germans, who disregard German orders will be executed.

III. All products of farms and industry, raw materials, gold and silver, jewels and art objects may be requisitioned by the military authorities, who will decide how they may be used in the public interest. This order includes all foodstuffs above the normal requirements.

IV. Anyone caught trying to destroy farm or industrial products, buildings, plants, public utilities, or posters put up by the German authorities will be shot.

V. Anyone attempting sabotage, changing his residence to escape work, or refusing to go wherever he is sent to work will be put to death.

VI. Taxes will be levied by the military. All costs of occupation must be paid by the communities involved, until withdrawal of the occupying forces.

VII. In all of the occupied territory the German reichsmark will be the medium of exchange, at a rate to be determined by the occupation authorities. The Army of Occupation may make payments over one hundred and twenty-five dollars by giving an I.O.U. Anyone refusing to honor German money or scrip will be fined not less than 100,000 marks and imprisoned for not less than five years.

VIII. All political activities must cease as of this date. Political parties, labor unions, religious and charitable organizations are hereby outlawed. Any attempt to evade this section will subject the offender to extreme penalties.

IX. All public meetings of whatever character are forbidden. Violations will be dealt with by military court.



Believing that few Americans realize just what an Axis victory would mean to our way of life, the Editor asked a man familiar with the type of decree issued by the German military in conquered territory, to draw up a specimen draft of what we might expect if we were whipped.

Don't laugh. It could happen here.

Every section of this "Decree" is a true copy of a regulation imposed by the Nazis in either Occupied France, Belgium, Norway, Czechoslovakia or Poland. The ponderous official language used in German military edicts has been translated into idiomatic English, without pulling any punches

X. Theater and moving picture shows, art exhibits, sporting events, social and religious meetings, publication of books, newspapers and magazines are hereby made subject to authorization and censorship by the military.

Books and art objects obnoxious to the military authorities must be destroyed by their owners. Violation of this order will be punished with a fine of not less than 100,000 marks and imprisonment for not less than five years.

XI. Anyone trying to leave the United States without permission will be deported to German concentration camps or shot.

XII. Within four days of publication of this proclamation all males between the ages of 16 and 60 must register with the local military commander, giving all significant data as to education and vocational aptitude. Similarly with females between the ages of 16 and 45, within ten days of publication of this Decree. Other residents must comply with these regulations within three weeks. Refusal to comply will result in fine and sentence to a concentration camp.

School children must be registered by their teachers, as a first step to facilitate their transfer to National Socialist youth camps.

XIII. Jews will be dealt with in accordance with regulations in force wherever German authority extends. A future order will deal with methods for deportation of the negro population.

XIV. Weapons of all kinds, broadcasting equipment, short wave radios, cameras, anti-German literature, letters and pictures must be turned in as of this day to the local military authorities. Failure to comply with this order will bring the death penalty.

The death penalty will also be invoked against all persons who listen to foreign radio broadcasts, pick up or distribute unauthorized leaflets, or read newspapers and books under the ban of the German military authorities.

XV. All Americans must pay due respect to officers and men in German uniforms and make way for them in all public places. The penalty for violation will be fine, imprisonment or deportation to a concentration camp.

Persons insulting the German uniform or German officials, or Americans under the German protection, or who criticize National Socialism will be liable to deportation, with the death penalty mandatory for repetition of any of these offenses. Anyone threatening physical harm to military or civil authority will be shot.

XVI. Any violations of German authority by groups of two or more persons will subject the entire community to heavy fine, and economic and social leaders of the community will be dealt with drastically. If those committing these outrages are not apprehended a group of citizens of the community, selected at random, will be shot, the number depending on the gravity of the crime.

XVII. Disrespect for any flag displayed with the permission of the Occupation Authorities is absolutely forbidden. Flags not in sympathy with the German cause must be turned in to the authorities at once, or destroyed. Non-compliance with this order will result in sentence to a concentration camp, or death.


WASHINGTON, August 25, 1944

HEAD OF THE MILITARY OCCUPATION
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

VON MÜLLER
Lieutenant General

WANT TO KEEP IT FROM HAPPENING HERE? TURN TO PAGE 8

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Head of the Bourbon Family

THE truest words ever written about this whiskey were, "I'd know that taste in the dark." For it kisses the lips with an ardor that glows in the memory, and it warms the tongue as a sunbeam warms a Kentucky meadow on a day in June. Try its nectar for yourself, and you'll know why Old Grand-Dad deserves its fame as Head of the Bourbon Family.

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES



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ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

April, 1942

Vol. 32, No. 4

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The Message Center

FRANCIS QUARLES, an Englishman, who flourished in the early seventeenth century, once wrote this:

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
When at the brink of ruin, not before;
After deliverance, both alike required,
Our God forgotten, and our soldiers
slighted.

Paste that in your hat, to remind the fools among us who, a few years after this war is won, will be reviling the men who are going to save them and us.

IN OUR January issue, under the title *Teamwork and Air Power*, Bill Cunningham proved up to the hilt the fatuity of the separate air force idea for our armed forces. In the course of his article Bill said this about Major Alexander de Seversky, an outstanding Separatist: "He's an accredited airplane designer, but an unsuccessful manufacturer. Twice he's failed in the business of manufacturing planes. According to word in Washington, he specifically blames these failures against General H. H. Arnold, Deputy Chief of Staff and head of the Army Air. Arnold, according to his interpretation, and with what accuracy the writer doesn't know, held up orders on army planes that de Seversky expected, and his company went broke as a result. He is strictly a civilian with an axe against the whetstone."

From the letter of Major de Seversky
(Continued on page 48)

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 45.

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Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Left—A boy from the U.S.A.
Right—A lad from Canada,
partners in the Canadian
Air Force.

We're Partners Now

SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER with the people of the United States, we are engaged in an all-out effort to defeat the Axis. For the duration of the fight for freedom our resources, our machinery, our money and our manpower are jointly consecrated to this supreme task. Civilian furloughs are helpful to restore strength and vigor to achieve victory. If you can come to Canada for your "keep fit" vacation this year you will find the same warmth as always in the open-hearted hospitality of your Canadian buddies.

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KEEP 'EM ROLLING

"WE'RE ALL IN IT... LET'S WIN IT"

**American Legion called to duty in
gigantic Pledge Campaign for . . .**

UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

"Uncle Sam, we are ready!" With this ringing declaration, The American Legion, through its National Commander, Lynn U. Stambaugh, again reports for vital duty and national leadership. "We are asked," he says, "to form the spearhead of attack on one of the major fronts in our Nation's titanic struggle . . . the financial front, the dollar line." ★ Every member of every post . . . of every unit of The American Legion Auxiliary . . . and of every SAL squadron is urged to enlist for the dura-

tion in a house-to-house bond pledge campaign transcending any fund-raising effort in history. ★ We, of Pacific National, are proud to march by your side. Well do we realize that we owe our Company's growth, from humble beginnings to nationwide stature . . . *all that we have and are . . .* to the American democratic system of free enterprise. ★ Now, gladly, thankfully, we pledge our utmost faith and energy to our Nation's cause . . . and to the support of this great campaign to mobilize *Dollars for Victory*.

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IN HIS tent on Heel Point, Wake Island, Major James Patrick Sinnott Devereux rolled out when he heard the bugler sound reveille at 4:45. Sunday, December 7th at Pearl Harbor, it was Monday, December 8th here. Wake, just west of the international date-line, is a day and two hours ahead of Pearl Harbor.

Having shaved, with due regard for his small mustache, having had the Marines' before-dawn eye-opener, a steaming cup of coffee, and his morning cigarette, we see him strapping on his service belt with its 45-calibre Colt. Then he steps outside and heads for the officers' mess, a



Drawings by
John W. Thomason, Jr.

German) mandated islands America once could have had for the asking. There he knew the fanatical little brown men had strong air bases—though no white man had been allowed there in years.

Hearing the pounding of the surf and the cries of the seabirds, as he labored over the sand, the major may have noted the weird beauty of the place. This desolate coral atoll had been built up through the ages on the rim of a heaved-up volcano. A crater formed a shallow

The last U. S. plane,
shot down in combat with 60 Jap ships

Another Name Is Added
to Montezuma and Tripoli,
"With the Help of God and
a Few Marines"

Glory at Wake

By

**DONALD
WILHELM**

wiry little man with the bulging big brow of a student, quiet, slow to speak, slow to anger. Sucking in the heavy sea air, he glanced up at the sky and its sickly last-quarter moon. A good day for flying; his dawn patrol of four planes was already out over the Pacific.

The major was in his element. Son of an army medical officer, he was born in Cuba, the fourth child of a famous Army-Navy-Marine family of ten children. He had left the big stone family mansion near Washington to enlist as a Marine when 19. Though quiet, he was a fighter when aroused, says one who saw action with him in Nicaragua, where he earned one of his three medals. Says another: "In China, where he was always taking his men out on long practice



"They're coming
over"

hikes and training them to ride the native ponies and be horse marines, I once saw him take on another officer twice his size." He loved the life of a Marine. Still, he was glad his young wife, whom he met at Corregidor and married in Peiping, when she was seventeen and he was twenty-nine, and their eight-year-old-son were with her father, Lieutenant Colonel John Welch, on Governors Island in New York Harbor.

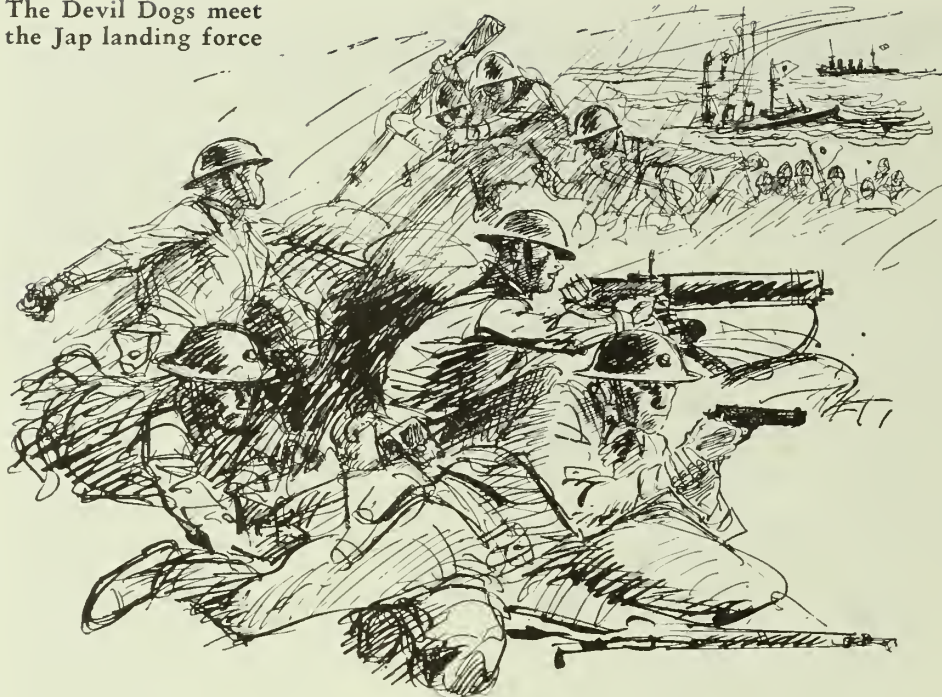
This pin point on the map called Wake Island was 2,004 sea miles straight west of Pearl Harbor and the fleet, 1,094 miles from Midway cable station, 1,334 miles from Guam, but only 352 miles from Taong and 700 from the Marshall Islands—Jap (once

lagoon four miles at the longest by about a mile and a half wide. A coral reef hemmed in its northwest end, and the rest of it was surrounded by three almost-touching islets: Wilkes, the smallest, next to the reef; opposite it, Peale, with its Pan American Airways station facing on the lagoon, and Wake, wrapped around its irregular eastern end. Nowhere was the rim around this lagoon more than a mile wide, even at Wake's southeast Peacock Point where it was being widened for three runways and the new airdrome. The islets were little more than treeless sand-spits spotted with a low green scrub growth,



Major Jimmy Devereux,
U.S.M.C., head man at Wake

The Devil Dogs meet the Jap landing force



not ten feet above high tide at their highest point. Standing in a rowboat on the lagoon you could see almost every foot of them.

Beautiful, but what a place to defend!

No nation had bothered to claim it until 1899, when we did. Each time passing Americans had planted the Stars and Stripes and left caches of food and drinking water for shipwrecked mariners here, on returning they found them gone and the refuse of Jap fishermen about. When Pan American Airways licensed Wake in 1935 it was inhabited only by birds, turtles and enormous brown rats, descendants of shipwrecked ancestors. Lest we offend Japan, our Government had made it a bird sanctuary. A few months before, the first of more than 1,000 construction workers and a few Marines were sent out to strengthen Wake's defenses. Devereux had arrived only a few weeks before, with the main body of Marines. He now had only 25 officers and 418 men in all.

As he approached the officers' mess at his field headquarters on Heel Point, he saw the Philippine Clipper, in from Pearl Harbor at sundown the day before. Three minutes before 7, Wake time, a roar filled the air. Captain W. J. Hamilton was taxiing the big ship to the far end of the lagoon for the take-off. She lifted quickly, soared into the distance toward Guam and Manila.

Less than half an hour later a Marine came running excitedly from the radio shack, handed Devereux a decoded radio message: **PEARL HARBOR HAS BEEN BOMBED!**

The little man thanked the messenger—"Jimmy" say his old messmates, "was always scrupulously polite"—and gave orders for the headquarters bugler to sound general quarters—the call to arms.

The Clipper returned at 7:30. The last

man except one who saw much of Devereux and escaped from Wake was her captain. Bringing in his big liner to the pier, he leaped out and told the chief mechanic to unload her cargo of truck tires (for the Burma Road) and fill her tanks with gasoline and oil. Then, commandeering a beach-wagon he raced over the new causeway from Peale to Wake. He had received orders from San Francisco to return to Wake and report for orders.

He says he found Devereux "anything but excited." While almost continuously receiving reports and giving orders by phone, runner and walkie-talkie (the radio sending and receiving set Marine officers are trained to carry and use) the major discussed the situation quietly and in detail. For one thing, he wanted Captain Hamilton to take out the Pan American personnel. He already had a combat liability in the thousand civilian workers, whom he would have to feed and care for. They had put themselves at his service for fighting, but he had weapons and ammunition for only a few. There was one other thing he would appreciate. Would the captain undertake a long-range reconnaissance, trusting to escape in the clouds if necessary, as Pan American airmen had learned to do along the Chinese coast? His own planes, pursuits, had but limited range.

As soon as the areas to be patrolled were agreed on, Captain Hamilton hurried back to the Pan American hotel to summon his crew. Scarcely had he

reached the hotel when he heard the drone of many motors, and saw a squadron of twelve planes approaching from the south. For a moment, he hoped against hope that they were American planes. He watched them making for the airdrome on Wake's farthest, largest area—Peacock Point. He saw flashes, heard explosions, saw columns of black smoke rising, knew that the Japs had struck. Scarcely two miles away, watching, a second flight of twelve were coming straight at them. Then, for nearly a half-hour, they experienced a little of what the men on Wake were to know for two weeks.

Diving for shelter, with Jap machine guns blazing at them, or crouched in the sand, they were so helpless that rage replaced fear. Chief Mechanic Earle was knocked flat by the concussion of a bomb, got to his feet, was knocked flat again, a third time was struck by flying debris, went on to try to do his part to save the Clipper. A whole section of it had already been blown away. With a roar and flaming blast Pan-American's hotel was torn apart; it and the manager's house and the machine shop with its irreplaceable store of parts were turned into roaring bonfires. The office building and new quarters for employees were leveled and burning. But by a miracle, every one of the Clipper's crew escaped death. The big white ship itself, lying helpless in the lagoon, had 26 bullet holes in her, but was in flying shape. Spitting mad at the Japs, some of the



The Jap in action

crew refused to leave. One, Frank MacKenzie, the young engineer who had so much to do with building this station and was now seeing his work blown to pieces, stood ready to swing on anyone forcing him to board the Clipper. At last, with 29 passengers and a crew of ten, Captain Hamilton got the heavily laden ship into the air, flew it to Midway, where the bombed and burning Marine barracks served as his beacon, then flew on through the night more than 1,100 miles to Hawaii. There, after sixty straight hours at the wheel, he and his crew volunteered to fly anywhere, bring anyone in to the relative safety of Hawaii.

On Wake, after the Jap planes had flown away southward and the wounded



**Major Paul A. Putnam, U.S.M.C.,
commander of Wake's tiny air force**

had been cared for, it was time for the major to take reckoning.

Twenty-five Marines had been killed, and seven wounded, including Major Paul A. Putnam, commander of Wake's tiny air force. The new airdrome had been blasted. Eight of the 12 single-seat fighting planes that had been flown in from a carrier only a few days before had been caught on the ground. Seven were destroyed completely, another badly wrecked. When the other four, unaware of what had happened, came in from patrol and landed, one struck debris and badly bent its propeller—a tricky thing to straighten under the best of conditions.

Four small fighting planes against all the planes and warships the Empire of the Rising Sun could send!

For the rest, the Marines had only these weapons: Pistols for the officers. Springfield service rifles for the men (not the new semi-automatic Garands). Six five-inch navy guns, twelve three-inch anti-aircraft guns. Eighteen fifty-calibre machine guns, thirty thirty-calibre machine guns. Altogether, they had not much more than the fire-power of a single modern destroyer.

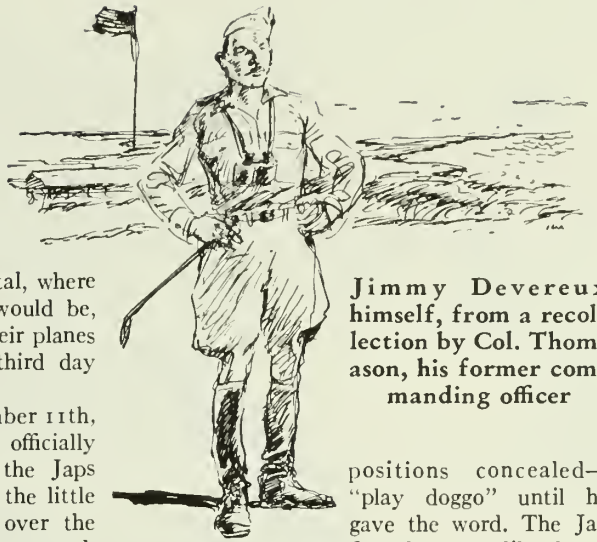
The ten miles of beach made it probable that the Japs would try to land not only on Wilkes and Heel Point on Wake, where Devereux could get at them, but also at two or three other points simultaneously. They might try to land at night. If he could get his six searchlights on them—but searchlights are easily destroyed. If they tried to land in daylight, he would have to split his little force to use his machine-gun cross-fire most effectively. He and his men would have to go out to meet them, without cover, against the guns of their warships and the bombs and machine gun of their planes.

On the credit side of the ledger, the major still had almost 400 Marines, fighting mad, "first to fight for right and freedom and to keep our honor clean."

The next day at noon, 27 bombers came over to concentrate their bombs on the Wake hospital, where they knew the wounded would be, and killed three. One of their planes was shot down. On the third day 27 again came over.

But the next day, December 11th, Wake time, when Tokyo officially broadcast the news that the Japs had landed on Wake, was the little major's day. Coming up over the horizon, Putnam's planes reported, was a fleet of twelve Jap ships. This news made Devereux feel better. As a young officer he had been a coast artillery man, and his officers and gun crews were hand-picked. There was a transport, they learned, a supply ship, a goodly number of gunboats and destroyers, and best of all a cruiser, the flagship.

Devereux's biggest guns were five-inch, while even a light cruiser would have main turrets of six-inch guns, and perhaps eight-inch, and so could outrange him. Says a Marine officer, once his superior, "What Jimmy did was to play doggo! I can just see that little man with his binocs trained on that cruiser, saying a prayer, 'O Lord, please give me a crack at her.'" He ordered the gun captains to hold their fire, keep their



Jimmy Devereux himself, from a recollection by Col. Thomson, his former commanding officer

positions concealed—"play doggo" until he gave the word. The Jap fleet drew steadily closer.

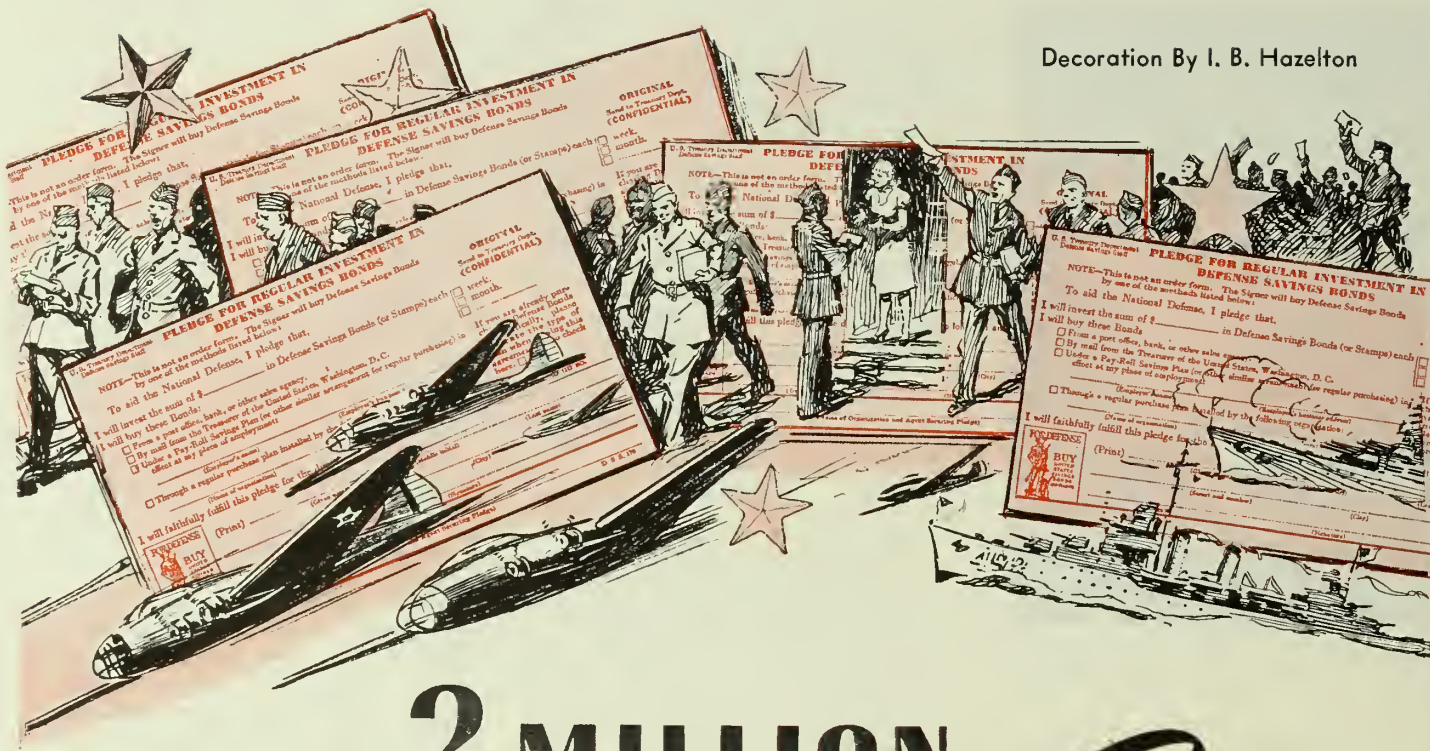
Its biggest guns opened fire.

Getting no answer, supposing, no doubt, that Wake had nothing much to answer with, the cruiser drove down on the atoll with all her guns firing. Destroyers and gunboats also opened up as they came within range. Devereux and his men were getting the smell of exploding TNT in their nostrils; flying sand and debris showered over them and the air was filled with the roar of Jap bombers and fighting planes. All the planes of Putnam's little force—four—were in the air.

"They made a total of ten attacks," he said in his official report, "operating in a greatly over-loaded condition and performing splendidly. We claim (Continued on page 38)"



They'll avenge Wake Island!



2 MILLION salesmen for Sam

UNITED STATES will be victorious in the
DEFENSE . . of its high ideals and universal peace
 bringing everlasting
BONDS . . . of friendship among all people
AND correcting social and economic world-
 wide inequities only when it
STAMPS . . out the reptiles of humanity who fired
 this devastating world conflagration.

WHAT are we fighting for?
 We are fighting for our families, our homes, our farms, for the very preservation of our way of life—fighting for our democracy, which in simple language means to us freedom of speech, freedom of the press and the right to vote. It means the birthright of every American child to a free and uncensored education. It means racial tolerance and religious freedom. It means happy childhood spent free from the shadow of alien guns. It means wholesome family life, firmly guarded against the cruel spying of a ruthless gestapo. In short, it means that government shall remain the people's servant, not their master.

Thus, we are in a life-and-death struggle. The choice is freedom or slavery. It is the toughest war we have

ever fought. The issue is clear: Shall the people of this earth become serfs, subject to the whim of a European dictator and his spies and executioners, or shall freedom and the right of self determination prevail? Yes, it is the same issue, the same challenge, for which we fought in 1917 and 1918.

On the military front we won that war, but at the conference table we lost the peace. We can properly admit that, in some respects, the Treaty of Versailles was more a product of war-inflamed passions than of sound, far-seeing judgment. It offered the conquered nations slight hope of economic survival, and much less the ability to pay the financial indemnity that was assessed against them. So, it settled nothing permanently.

Have no doubt, we shall win this war,

too. But when that job is finished on the battlefield, we must then be sure that we also win the peace. We are determined that right and justice shall triumph. We shall fulfill our high ideals and peace aims for all mankind, so concisely set forth in the "Atlantic Charter," signed by our Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Prime Minister Winston Churchill, of Britain, last August. Only the fulfillment of these principles, so soundly conceived and so nobly stated, can assure lasting peace.

The people of the whole world—those who remain free, those who are temporarily conquered, and those who always have known little else save oppression—look to us for leadership because they well know that we have no desire for territorial expansion or national aggrandizement. They know that we believe firmly in the principle that territorial changes anywhere shall be made only in accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people involved.

They know that we respect the right of the people of all nations to choose the form of government under which they shall live, and that self-government shall be restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of it. They know that we recognize the right of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, to have access on equal terms to the trade and raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic progress; that



we stand for improved labor standards and economic and social advancement.

They know that we have firmly resolved that when the would-be conquerors of humanity have been crushed and destroyed, a peace will be established which will afford all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, assuring everyone the opportunity to live free from fear and want. They know that under this kind of peace they shall have the right to worship as they please; that they may traverse the high seas without hindrance; that ultimately all nations must come to the abandonment of the principle of force, and that compulsory disarmament of the aggressor nations is essential to the establishment of a permanent system of world security.

How are we going to accomplish this gigantic job? By winning the peace. By working in close harmony with our allies when the victory is won to compel, if necessary, the fulfillment of our peace aims.

What can we, as individuals, do to hasten this end? Roll up our sleeves and go to work; conserve food, clothing and all materials that are essential to war; eliminate every unnecessary luxury and

By
**FRANK N.
BELGRANO, JR.**

have the determination and will to continue our efforts not just until an armistice is called, not merely until the peace treaty is signed, but until the just and lasting peace has been firmly established.

Toward the realization of this tremendous task the pertinent question is, how can we effectively take part in this great war effort? Not all of us will have the privilege of serving on the battle-front—the bullet line. Comparatively, but a small percentage of our 130,000,000 citizens will be accorded this honor. Those of us who remain at home must man the other two lines—the sweat line and the dollar line.

Our boys on the bullet line need guns, ammunition, planes, bombs, ships, tanks, trucks, clothing, food, and all the other equipment necessary for a modern army and navy in this modern war. By hard

work and longer hours, the sweat line, working harmoniously with American industry, which under our system of free enterprise has led the world in all production records, will provide these tools of war. But to transform raw materials into these essentials takes dollars, and dollars are the sinews of war.

So every man, woman and child must help to man the dollar line. The billions necessary to accomplish this task, which are infinitesimally small in comparison with what we have at stake, must be provided immediately.

To finance the nation's war requirements, our Government might, within the intent of the Constitution itself, reach out and take from every one of us all of our money beyond that needed for the bare necessities of life. But, rightly, our Government does not choose to follow the ways of the dictators. Instead, it has determined to remain true to the democratic principle of financing this war by means of taxes and loans. Taxes will be levied—heavy taxes. They should be paid without complaint.

But taxes alone are not enough. We must lend Uncle Sam our spare dollars by systematically buying defense bonds and stamps—not with just our odd pennies, nickels and dimes, but real dollars which we can accumulate by

(Continued on page 50)

**THE GREAT LEGION FAMILY IS SELLING DEFENSE BONDS
TO ITS NEIGHBORS AS WELL AS BUYING THEM!**

Cartoons by
John
Cassel



"After us,
the deluge"

1917 "WE'LL DO IT AGAIN" 1942

THROUGHOUT a large part of the quarter-century that has rolled—or stumbled along—since that sixth of April when we entered the First World War there has more or less persisted in America an unhealthy impression that the date was an April Fool's Day for our nation, moved from its accustomed place on the calendar in the fashion later set for Thanksgiving Day. There could be no more opportune time for a re-appraisal of this notion than the anniversary of our entry which finds us in a Second World War, twenty-five years after the one described by orators—but almost never by its soldiers—as “a war to end wars.”

By

JAMES G.
HARBORD

Major General, U. S. A. Retired

All America would profit by a review of the facts of that earlier combat. They have direct bearing on our present struggle. They illuminate the principles for which we are fighting now and the military power and morale with which we will meet the test. Another look will be of particular interest to veterans who

may have wondered in their more discouraged moments just how much their service in 1917 and 1918 counted.

The first essential for an understanding of America's contribution in 1917 and 1918 is a clear memory of the situation in Europe then, the memory which became so dim in the between-wars years. We should remind ourselves that it was anybody's guess in the spring of 1918 whether imperial Germany or the Allies would win. Russia had collapsed in the east. On the west front the armies of Britain and France were desperately beating off deadly thrusts from German forces that still had the tremendous advantage of numbers, strategic initiative and interior lines.



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION





The enemy struck its third blow of that spring on May 27th, straight for Paris. The loss of the city might well have been the knock-out blow that Germany intended it to be. Paris was far more than a capital. The chief munitions factories of the Allies were centered there. In three bitter days the soldiers of France, exhausted by four years of gallant fighting in a war to which there seemed no end, were pounded back thirty miles to the Marne. Forty thousand were captured. They lost 650 field guns, 2,000 machine guns and huge quantities of supplies, munitions and rolling stock.

All roads into Paris were choked with refugees and the roar of hostile guns could be heard in the city's streets—as they were to be heard once more in June of 1940 during France's tragic downfall. The Supreme War Council of 1918 was meeting at Versailles in deepest gloom, not knowing how far south its next meeting might be. The Council there made a crucial choice. It entrusted to Americans the stemming of the tide. If the Americans failed to hold, there would be no time for a second choice. Paris, and probably the war, would go to the Germans.

Nearly every American knows the answer that the untried, but young and unwearied, American Divisions wrote indelibly in history at Château-Thierry, Bouresches and Belleau Wood. Nearly

every American knows of the American drive that followed immediately and of the smashing victories at St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. Yet comparatively few Americans realize, even now, the true force that these triumphs at the front exerted when coupled with certain German knowledge that a host of men of the same mettle was being trained in America to join the fight. There is not a man who was in uniform at home who cannot take just pride in knowing that he, too, helped to tip the scales.

The other day in a speech in Berlin the musty myth that Germany was not defeated at all in 1918 was dusted off and paraded by Adolf Hitler. He declared that the unterrified German people were tricked by Wilson's Fourteen Points. The belated dream of the corporal who was fighting obscurely under General Ludendorff would hardly have convinced his harassed commanding general that Germany accepted the Fourteen Points (which she had scorned some nine months earlier) until she was so decisively defeated that she was face to face with military disaster. And whatever the second thought of the *present* German Chancellor may be, the first thought of the German Chancellor who actually was "on the spot" in every sense of the word during that fateful November was quite different. In the

Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden, the Chancellor, appear the following lines about statements on November 6th by General Groener, who had succeeded General Ludendorff in a last-minute stop-attempt as Chief of Staff:

Now he informed me personally that we should have to cross the lines with the white flag. "But not for a week at least?" I said. "A week is too long a time," General Groener answered. I asked once again: "Anyhow, not before Monday?" Groener replied: "Even that is too long to wait. It must be Saturday at the latest." . . . At the very same time, the Americans were making progress at the point—viz., north of Verdun—where they must not be allowed to advance if the Antwerp-Meuse line was to hold any longer.

The French High Command, in my opinion, included the greatest generals of the World War. The British also had leaders who were masterly in meeting the military problems of their day. Behind them were French and British veterans who, until they had fought to exhaustion, were as fine soldiers as any leader could desire. Still it was not a smash by the French and British armies that made General Groener announce that there must be a white flag immediately. No sensible person would make the sweeping assertion that "America won the war." Yet anyone who is writing history, not for political or

*From the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
of the A.E.F., 1917-1919*

To my Comrades of 1917-1918:

The approach of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our entry into the first World War on April 6, 1917, finds our country engaged in another struggle with the enemies of democracy. The fight in which you valiantly played an important role must be won all over because the victory achieved in 1918 was thereafter allowed to slip away. But the memory of your service and sacrifice remains, an inspiration to the young men of the armed forces who, following in your footsteps, are today coming to grips with the enemy.

To those of our comrades who are again serving with the armed forces I send my heartiest congratulations. Would that I might be with you—a wish shared, I know, by every other veteran of a quarter century ago whom fate has forced to the side lines. You will not fail America in this latest and greatest test, and the younger men serving with you will profit by your leadership and your dauntless resolution. I have the same faith that I have always had in the courage and resourcefulness of the American fighting man, on land, at sea, or in the air.

With affectionate greetings to all,

JOHN J. PERSHING
General of the Armies

propaganda purposes, must note plainly the truth that it was by the rising tide of American manpower and the quality of our Armies that Germany was overwhelmed.

The bare sketch of a scattered few of the high spots which I have given here should convince any unprejudiced person of the potency of America's military effort in the First World War. But then we are brought up against the second line of carping criticism. "Granting that we helped to win the war, 'they' say, we lost the peace." Even on this point the ever-present "they" fraternity is wrong in its sweeping judgment.

It can be frankly admitted, at least among old soldiers, that the days of the fighting men in the field rather turned into a field day for the politicians at Versailles. As a minor, but significant, illustration of the point of view then prevailing, I recall that it took plain words from General Pershing to obtain invitations for his Generals who were still in France in June of 1919 to witness the ceremony of the signing of the Peace Treaty. He mentioned vigorously that if there had not been earlier meetings between Allied generals, and their commands, and the Germans there might have been no treaty. But though America's representatives failed to win all in that poker game of statesmen around the polished Versailles tables, we never had better reason than at present to remember proudly what our representatives did win.

The defeat of the Fourteen Points in the form in which they were offered must not blind us to their influence. It was America which insisted, through Wilson, that the colonies of defeated Germany must not be annexed, but placed under mandates. Ideals we now are fighting to recapture are reflected in the statements of America's President calling at the Versailles Conference for open diplomacy, freedom of the seas and equality of trade conditions, the sanctity of treaties and a "universal dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all na-

tions and make the world itself at last free."

Czechoslovakia and other states whose lost freedom we mourn today would have had no freedom to lose if it had not been for the Versailles Conference,

From the HEAD of the ARMY

To The American Legion:

The present emergency imposes additional responsibilities on the members of The American Legion. It demands a leadership in the patriotic guidance of affairs on the home front to an even greater degree than in the past. Arduous duties, usually unspectacular in their nature, but critical in importance to the security of the nation, must continue to be performed by the veterans who unselfishly met the issue in the last war. The unswerving and devoted support of your solid ranks of veterans is unquestioned, and will continue to be of inestimable value to the soldiers under arms today.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL
General, Chief of Staff,
United States Army

backed by the strength of Allied arms. The tribute to Woodrow Wilson made by Herbert Hoover in his recent book, "America's First Crusade," might be extended with a degree of truth to include the Allied soldier too: "In war and

peace he went down into the pit of chaos and came out with something that lessened the suffering of the world. There can be no doubt that he made the major contribution toward lifting oppression from millions of people and setting them on the road to hope."

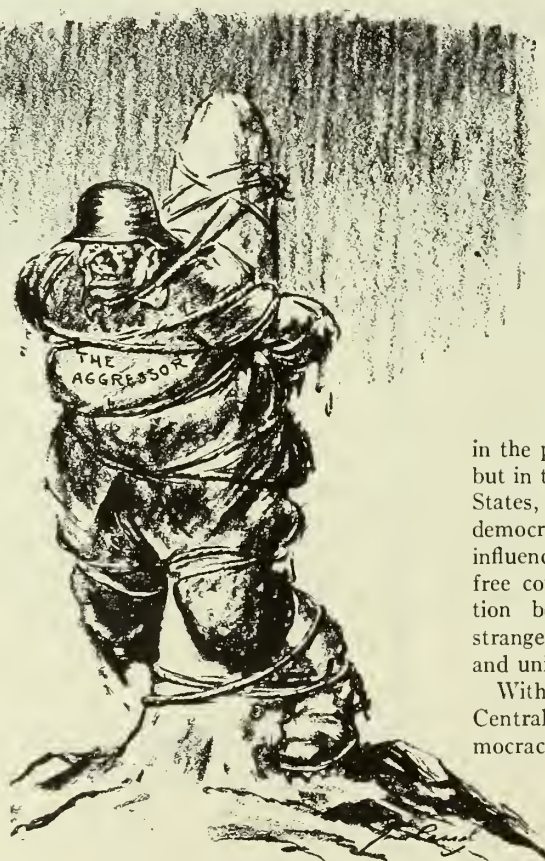
I do not need to suggest to men who served in the First World War that soldiers do not speak customarily in exalted phrases. Their vocabulary tends more toward the pungent. Still I believe that if the typical American in uniform in 1918 and 1919 had expressed the unformulated ideals for which he was ready to fight he would have spoken of love of his country, of freedom, of the binding obligation of a nation's pledged word, of the right of the

physically weak to live as peaceful neighbors of the physically strong, of the right of minorities of race and religion to sympathy and respect.

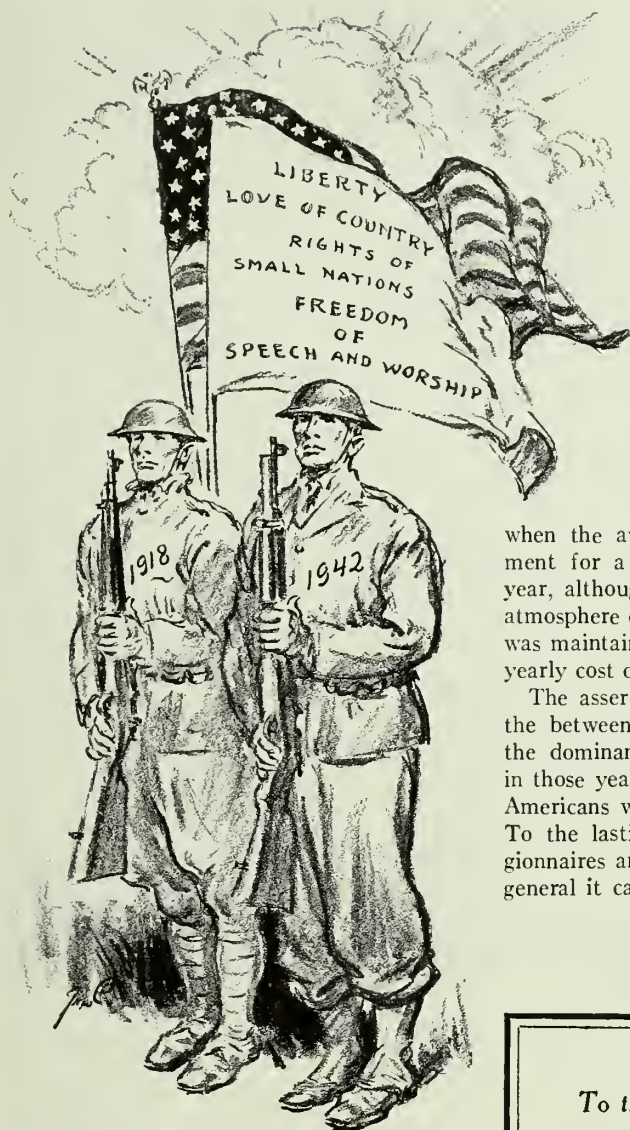
That is the national creed for which thoughtful Americans were willing to fight then—as they are willing to fight now. We were in combat then, as we are in combat once more, against the ancient forces of autocracy and reaction, and we came out on top. No, it was not

in the partly unsatisfactory peace terms, but in the post-war years that the United States, Great Britain, France and all the democracies failed to maintain their full influence for international peace. All our free countries fell short of their obligation because they drank deep of a strange mixture of disillusioned cynicism and universal peace and disarmament.

With many of the grievances of the Central Powers left uncorrected, the democracies for too long a period permitted the deterioration of the force of arms which was the one sure way of compelling respect from autocratic militaristic governments. A woe-ful lack of confidence in our



We're going to make
it hold this time



The same objectives today as back then

national legislature arose. While youth of the fascist countries were being doped and drilled from childhood in fanatic worship of their dictators and of military might, our own youth softly lapsed into supercilious smiles at their country's traditions and soaked up milk-sop pacifism.

We took what seemed at the time to be the cheap and effortless road—the road that always proves most costly in the end. Our Congressmen, urged on by well-meaning and misguided peace-lovers at home, fell into the mistake that world tranquillity could be assured simply by diplomats who gallivanted around the world and went into conference. As we chattered of sweet peace, bitter wars were raging. The signatories to the treaties that pledged against these wars conveniently seemed to assume that the belligerents were playing ring around the rosie because wars were officially undeclared.

America forgot completely the First World War's dearly learned lesson of the tremendous cost of emergency prepara-

tion *after* war has started. Though other nations contented themselves with piously putting mere blueprints for projected naval vessels on the shelf for a while, we junked good fighting ships that would be of inestimable value at this moment. Our regular Army was allowed to fall to seventeenth in numbers among the regular armies of the world, less than the total for Portugal, Argentina, Switzerland, Greece or Sweden. This in a depression when there were thousands of able bodied young men out of work,

when the average cost to the Government for a man on relief was \$864 a year, although in the character-building atmosphere of our Army an enlisted man was maintained in peace time at a total yearly cost of \$681.

The assertion that America forgot in the between-wars period is directed at the dominant tendencies in our nation in those years. There were always many Americans who stood against the trend. To the lasting credit of American Legionnaires and of former service men in general it can be said that they were in

the forefront of this group. They held consistently to the high conception of patriotism and citizenship that is achieved by those who are ready to risk their lives to protect their country and its ideals. If the stage ever is reached when there are not enough men and women of such spirit in the United States, we shall be a decadent nation.

The patriotism and responsible citizenship which grew up in 1917 and 1918 are major inheritances from the First World War that we can use in our present one. The very violence of our post-war reaction against them, a modern psychologist would say, proved that we were trying to argue ourselves out of convictions that had a strong pull upon us. A resurgence of those once-learned, then temporarily submerged, convictions already is becoming apparent throughout our nation. It is coming more slowly perhaps than we might hope, because the war still seems far away to a multitude of our countrymen. But it is coming surely. When it attains full reinstatement the United States will be infinitely strengthened not only as a fighting machine but as a political entity.

A comparison of the geographical extent and the weapons of our First World War and our second one brings out, along with the obvious differences, many

(Continued on page 40)

From the SECRETARY of the NAVY in the FIRST WORLD WAR

To the Members of The American Legion:

The men who fought in a war against war twenty-five years ago won the victory by their valor. The permanent fruits of their courage were sacrificed by the lack of wisdom of statesmen. They have stood firmly for the sort of preparedness and international understanding which would have prevented the present holocaust. Now as then the men of the Legion are consecrated to devotion to their country, ready for any service or sacrifice.

A quarter of a century ago the Army and Navy planned and worked together. The big job entrusted to the Navy during the World War was to conduct a Ferry to France, safeguarding the transport of more than two million soldiers to the battlefields of France, where their valor gave the decisive blow that secured the Armistice. "As you know," Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, wrote the Secretary of the Navy when the first troop ships passed through the danger zone, "the Navy took the responsibility for the safety of these ships," and congratulated the Navy upon the splendid achievement in the battle for democracy. The Secretary of the Navy responded: "In behalf of the men whose courage gave safe conduct to courage, I send you the greetings of the Navy awaiting in full confidence the day when the valor of your soldiers will write new and splendid chapters in the heroic history of our liberty-loving land."

(Continued on page 40)



PLAIN BROWN, *Size 11E*

IT WAS four days before anyone identified the body. And even then the identification was wrong. Not so much wrong as incomplete; like identifying Dr. Jekyll without troubling to look up Mr. Hyde. Or thinking of Japan without thinking of Hitler, too.

The newspapers made a fuss, of course, and played the case for two days. A nice clean murder was what Detroit needed to take its mind off the war. But the death of Private (First Class) Fred Jurgens in a ditch beside a Michigan road couldn't compete with

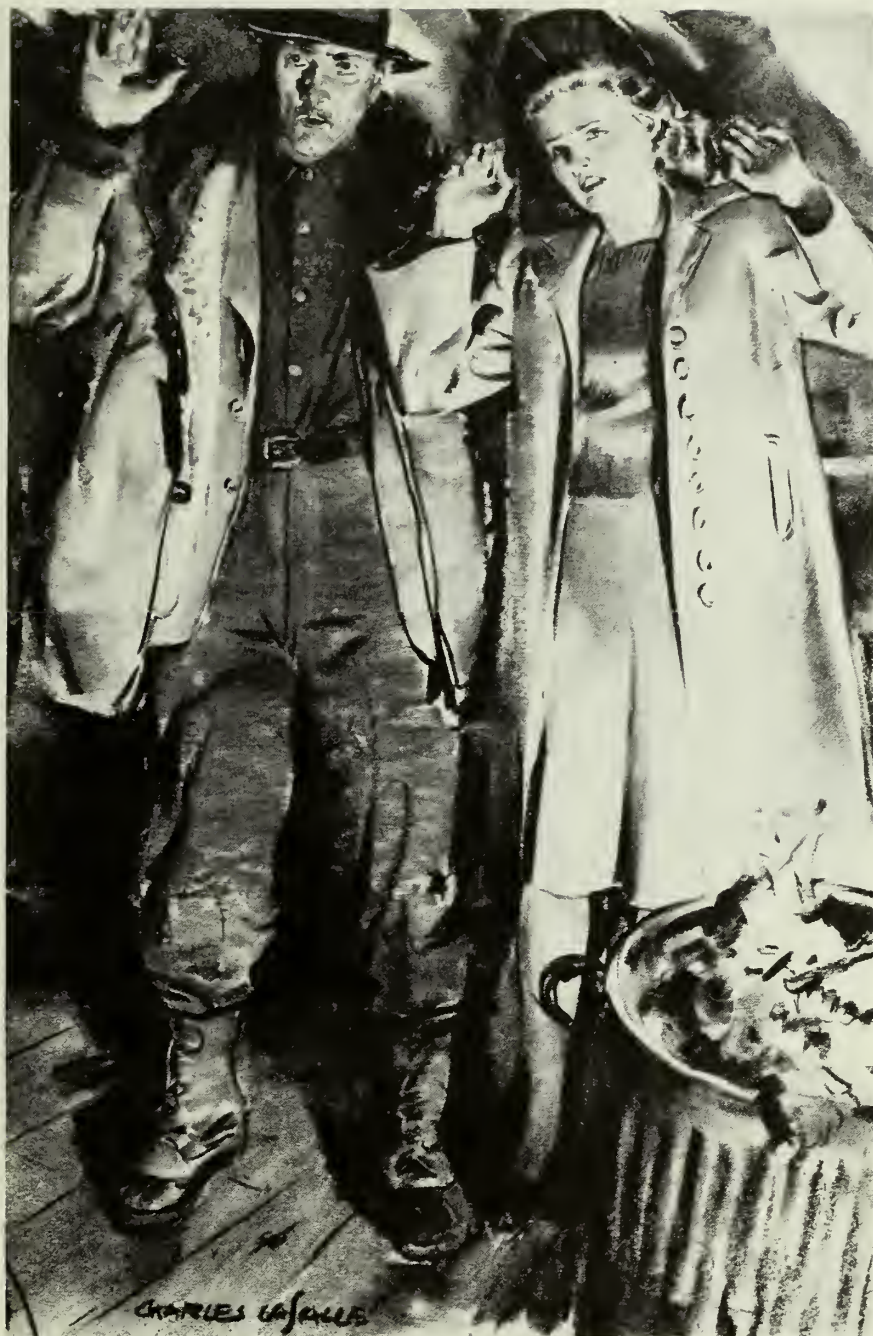
Manila, so everyone forgot about it quickly.

Everyone except Detective Sergeant Jim Casey, Michigan State Police. His files, marked "incomplete," did not let him forget; there were too many unanswered questions to take to bed at night, nettling him like a new issue undershirt.

The story began at seven A.M., December 26, 1941. It had been a green Christmas but snow that night powdered most of the State. A farmer named Harris who lived on a dead-end road off

Highway 53 between Disco and Utica, north of Detroit, had found the body as he drove into town to buy some bailing wire.

Harris was a long, sober, lonely man, fifty years old and six years a widower; he didn't go about much, had asthma in winter and rarely saw his neighbors anyway. He'd had a daughter but the story was he'd put her out when she'd got into the sort of trouble decent folk don't talk about. She'd never come back and farmers' wives said that grieving had killed her mother. So Harris's reputa-



He felt the gun at his back, then, "Get over by them other two. Keep hands up"

tion had spoiled and neighbors asked at once why he'd been gadding so early of a cold morning in the first place, half-sick the way he always was.

"Always get up good season, winter and summer," he wheezed, but that didn't keep a deputy sheriff from hauling him off to jail. There he told his story and Detective Sergeant Casey set it down in his notebook. His car lights, Harris said, had picked out a dark hump, sprinkled with snow, beside the road some forty rods from his gate.

"I think first it's one of my critters," he said, coughing. "They got a habit of breakin' out and gettin' themselves hit by cars."

But when he angled his lights around, he saw this wasn't a critter after all. The man lay on his back. He wore a

dark suit, white shirt and green tie, no overcoat and no hat. He was perhaps twenty-three years old, short and round-faced, with curly black hair. There was a bullet wound in his forehead. The way he sprawled indicated he'd been thrown from a car, but there were no tire tracks except Harris's own. There wasn't much traffic on this dead-end road and nobody had happened to pass since the snow started about three in the morning.

"Didn't lay a hand on the body," Harris said later. "Didn't go close to it, neither."

His footprints bore out that much of his story. He drove to Utica as fast as his jalopy would travel and from a filling station telephoned the sheriff. Then he bought his bailing wire, half a pound of coffee, some candy, and drove home.

By KARL DETZER

Sergeant Casey just happened to be at the jail when the deputy marched in his prisoner; he'd been tracing rumors in the neighborhood of saboteurs around Selfridge Field air base. This case didn't concern him, but murder was murder and Casey was a cop, so he sat in. He was a chunky, barrel-chested officer with twenty years on the force, time enough to teach his face how to behave. It was a plain face, with a large mouth, pale blue eyes under pale eyebrows and thinning sandy hair, expressionless as an orange and almost the same color.

When he'd heard Harris' story, he said, "It's the truth, or part at least. Let's see the corpse. Chiefly the clothes he wore."

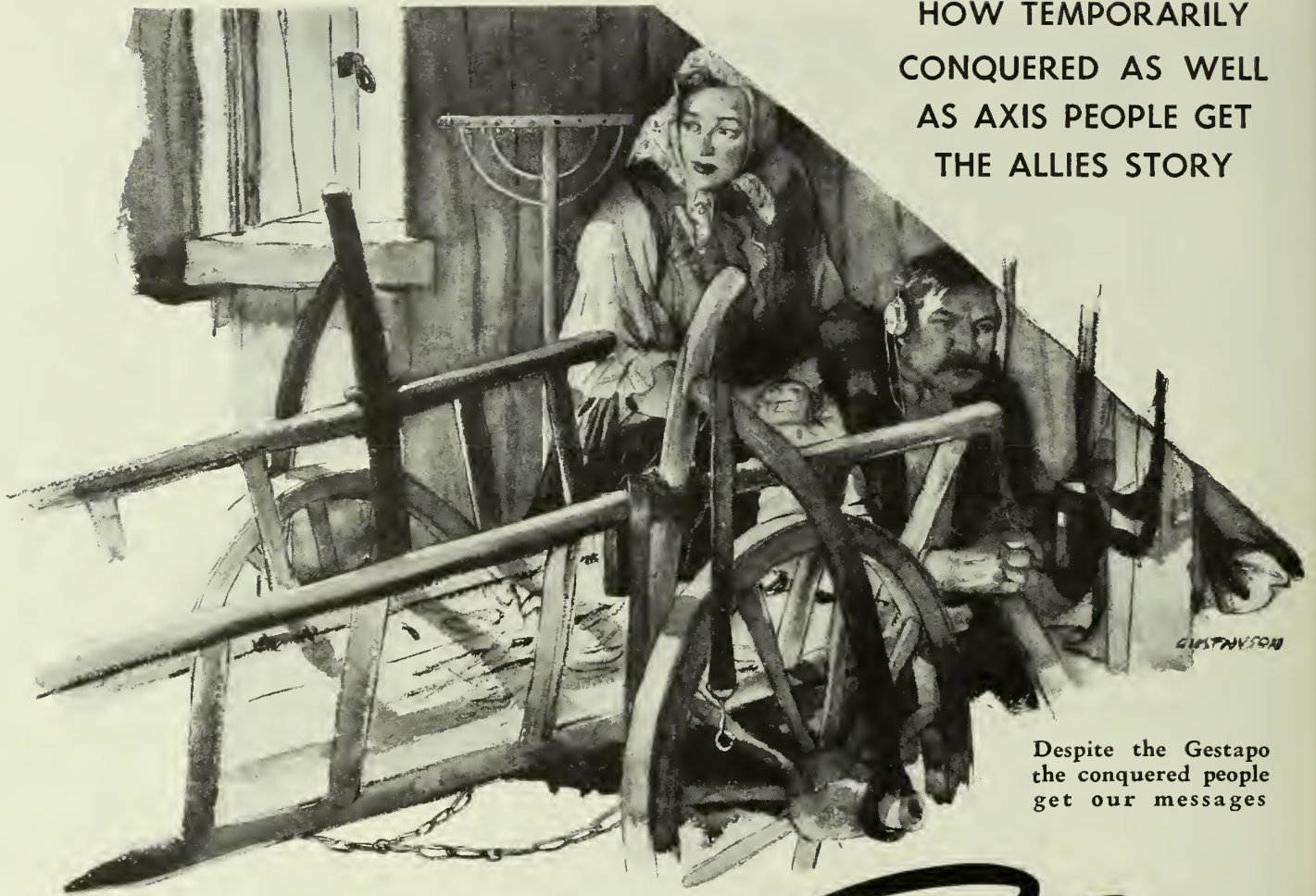
The undertaker brought out the clothes. They were cheap and new and all identification, even the makers' name tabs, had been cut out. Except for the

(Continued on page 51)

Illustrations by
Charles
La Salle



HOW TEMPORARILY
CONQUERED AS WELL
AS AXIS PEOPLE GET
THE ALLIES STORY



Despite the Gestapo
the conquered people
get our messages

NAILING

Nazi

ABOVE the seven continents and the seven seas, the ether crackles with a struggle to gain the world's ear and heart for democracy against tyranny. The totalitarian lie-propaganda is being smashed by an Allied truth-propaganda with strong reinforcements from America.

The message of freedom is being sent, virtually around the clock, to every section of the globe, through thirteen American short-wave stations operated by all the big broadcasting companies. They are pounding at all the Axis soft spots. Since Nazi cruelties in France, one beam aims straight at Paris; since Pearl Harbor, five rake the Far East, one of these last the new 100,000-watt San Francisco station, KWID, having the world's most powerful transmitter.

That tremendous death-ray for lie-propaganda burns into every Far Eastern short-wave receiving set, and reaches every Japanese official, every ship and submarine, many planes. These messages were relayed to every private standard set from Singapore by the British Broadcasting Company. The BBC may

be aided by an American station in Iceland in increasing the already thorough coverage of Europe. For the Allies are working together to use that most stirring means of propaganda, the human voice, till freedom's story is heard wherever there are ears to hear.

Despite the Gestapo, there are still many men and women all over Europe bravely listening with receiving sets hidden in wells, cellars or bedclothes, with springs as aerials, and spreading what they hear by whisper or chain letter. That includes not only the invaded countries, but Italy and Germany. They are receiving, by radio and other means, democracy's message of hope, and eventually, of revolt.

Uncle Sam is laming loose with the high explosive called psychological warfare from a double-barreled gun. Its name sounds harmless—the Office of Coördinator of Information—the O. C. I.—but already its blasts are so harming the Axis that Goebbels, Nazi propaganda chief, calls its chief marksman “that Evil Man, Colonel Donovan.”

He's that same “Wild Bill” Donovan who commanded the “Fighting 69th” in

France back in 1918. He was President Roosevelt's special foreign observer in 1941. He was one of the three Founding Fathers of the Legion, having, with Theodore Roosevelt and the late Ogden L. Mills, originated the Paris morale conference of February 15, 1919 when twenty A.E.F. officers approved the plan of these three to form a great veterans' organization. Donovan later headed the first Legion committee on organization and was the first National Executive Committeeman from the Department of New York.

Now, as then, he leads without bawling out orders. This leader of democracy's Sixth Column has the calm, bedside manner of a family physician, even when he does forceful, dramatic things. His smiling blue eyes illumine a face not darkly scowling but round, rubicund, almost cherubic. This “Wild Bill” is mild, likes people, is a family man, religious and idealistic. But, being an American, practical.

“I'm afraid I disappoint people,” he

told me, "for really, my ideal isn't 'Wild Bill' but another Irish character called 'The real McCoy.' I prefer facts to fireworks."

He sets off fireworks modestly, as if they were squibs. In a French dugout in 1918, I dragged out of him stories of the Marne battlefield. The other day, in his quiet Washington home, he told me just as modestly of the struggle on the battlefield of the mind to win psychological warfare against the Axis; a struggle whose principal weapon is publicity, but whose tactics have been unpublicized.

"I like to look ahead before I act," he said. "I looked, close-up and carefully, long before Pearl Harbor, and decided the time had arrived for all men to come to the aid of the country, and its Allies and their cause. And I wanted to come."

It was not the first time. Away back in placid 1912, as a young Buffalo, New York, lawyer he foresaw World War I and began training a National Guard cavalry troop as future officers. That was "Mild Bill," quiet, analytical. But to Mild Bill was joined his alter ego, Wild Bill, to provide the fiery

five psychologists, who find in it valuable hints for psychological warfare—lies that must be answered, and how; targets for one of the two barrels of the gun.

But first, the Coördinator of Information really does coördinate information for the President—a job that needed doing. To the President's desk in the White House were coming intelligence reports on world-wide developments from many departments: State, Army, Navy, Commerce, what-not. But they overlapped and sometimes contradicted one another like Hitler communiques. The President and everyone else needed, not a dozen reports, but one master account that would appraise and dove-tail the loose ends and provide the real McCoy. This was nothing spectacular, no "Wild Bill" job, but meat for "Mild Bill" of the cool head.

"I like to get hold of something tough and work it out," he told me.

Donovan was a country lawyer before he became a corporation lawyer; he gained local fame in Buffalo long before he rose to virtual head of the Department of Justice; he was a soldier before he became an expert observer of wars. So now, without fireworks, he has assembled a new group of experts, including President James P. Baxter* of Williams College and Professors W. L. Langer of Harvard, Calvin Hoover of Duke University and J. R. Hayden of the University of Michigan. These men, like him, are workers with facts.

The facts go first to the President and heads of departments; then such of them as are not too secret go into the second barrel of this double-barreled job, and are lammed loose over the world in the best way to aid democracy and injure dictatorship. In such a cause are needed devotion, a touch of ardent imagination, with the fundamental, the unvarnished truth. For though the burst-

ing charge be propaganda, it must be propaganda in the true and American sense of that much misunderstood word, which really means not lies and distortion but "the propagation of the faith."

The faith is democracy. The best propaganda is the truth; of that, Donovan is convinced. American isolationists echoed Goebbels's accusations that on his famous tour of the Near East, observing for Secretary of the Navy Knox, "the Mystery Man" had lied to the Yugoslavs, urging futile resistance against the invincible Nazi army. Donovan says:

"I promised the Yugoslavs nothing. I explained the lease-lend bill and said I thought it would pass. That was all. After one glimpse of their General Staff map, I thought their army would fight, whatever happened. But I never urged them to. If I had, I would still think I had done the right thing for them and the world. Their resistance gained precious time for democracy to mobilize—the only way Yugoslavia or the world

can be free. That is the truth."

So it is proving today. And today the Coördinator is preparing news propaganda that, unlike Goebbels's lie-propaganda, refuses to invent and will not distort. Its day-by-day story cannot

(Continued on page 48)

Lies

leadership that made the New York Irish regiment of infantry a household word.

That same leadership is being used today to inspire oppressed peoples to resistance and eventually to revolution. It takes a worker and a fighter to bend into boomerangs every one of the million barbed words that Goebbels and his trained band of falsifiers pour daily into the ether, distorting our motives and acts, trying to arouse suspicion among our natural friends. Every day this stream of Axis misinformation is analyzed in Washington by twenty-



One of the monitor stations that pick up foreign broadcasts

By **THOMAS M. JOHNSON**

*The newspapers several months ago told of how Dr. Baxter went to Washington in righteous indignation because the Government had lured into its service so many of the Williams faculty. Dr. Baxter felt that enough was enough. But when he returned to the Massachusetts college it was to ask his Trustees to grant him permission to work with Colonel Donovan. Naturally, the Trustees said yes.

PATRIOTS WON'T HAVE TRAFFIC SMASH-UPS IN 1942

THE motor vehicle brought to America the highest economic and social standards of living an amazed and envious world ever knew. But, the motor vehicle has exacted a usurious toll for the benefits it has bestowed. That toll, which mounted sharply in 1941, assumes a new and dramatic importance when examined under the pitiless light of today's conditions.

Let's speak plainly. And bluntly!

We had nine months in the past year during each of which the traffic death toll was greater than in the tragedy of Pearl Harbor. The news of these home front deaths marched blackly and drearily across the pages of our newspapers but failed to make much of an impression on Americans. The Pearl Harbor slaughter wakened America, made us fighting mad, revamped our way of thinking, upset our economy, and generally jerked us indignantly to

our feet. When it comes to defense, we like to say that we are alert, ready—and going places. Fine!

But, if Hitler, Tojo & Company ever laugh, their merriment must have been loud and hilarious when they read of our motor accident toll for 1941. In plain, unvarnished words, here's what happened: Deaths—40,000, an increase of 16 percent over the previous year; non-fatal injuries: 1,400,000, including 110,000 permanently crippled or injured. The direct economic loss resulting from these traffic accidents is estimated at \$1,800,000,000—enough to build 9,000 of the best bombers. Yes; the Axis powers probably laughed at this prodigal waste of life and property!

The picture is not pleasant. A new year stretches away into the future. Perhaps there is scant virtue in looking over our shoulders at the dismal record

of 1941. It would be wiser, I suspect, to look at the present and the future. *We will not have another 1941 for a long, long time.* Let's be realistic and admit it; 1942 is going to be different.

It's got to be different.

There will be no new cars, with the exception of the few which are being sold under special circumstances. The older cars will have to carry on. There will be little new rubber sold. Tires are going to grow older, weaker and less secure. Yet, at the same time, I predict that the amount of necessity driving will undoubtedly increase. I realize that a nationally recognized research organization has announced that the average family car will be driven approximately 20 percent less miles than ever before. That may be true; but to date, there has been no reduction noted in the volume of tax-paid gasoline sold.

DOWN WITH Highway



The police in the foreground are carrying away one of the 40,000 Americans killed in traffic accidents in 1941. Let's stop this senseless slaughter



"May God Almighty bless thee; the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." A little care and few of us will die this way

cripple 'em without cost to the Axis! At \$1,800,000,000, that's enough money for 9,000 more bombers gone to hell.

Patriots won't have accidents in 1942.

But, driving these old cars, how can accidents be prevented? Don't worry about the old cars. We have been driving them for years—and they have been delivering safe and satisfactory service, thanks

have 1,438,197 cars that were built in 1931 still delivering excellent service! Remarkable, isn't it? And no accident research organization has ever pointed an accusing finger at these old cars and claimed they were responsible for any undue loss of limb and life. Almost a half million cars, still in active, economical service, were made in 1927 or before—cars with an average age in excess of fifteen years. That's American workmanship, American materials, good driving and proper care—those are the factors that have kept these ancients doing their daily bit.

No, car age isn't responsible for accidents and simply because our motor vehicles are going to be a year older, doesn't necessarily mean that the accident rate will zoom upward. That isn't the factor that will control the accident pattern on our highways and byways in 1942.

The rubber shortage isn't going to cause the fatality rate to climb into unspeakable brackets, in spite of the pessimists. There has never been a time when all cars had new tires at the same time. Bear that in mind! A surprisingly high percentage of motor cars

Accidents!

With defense workers faced with the necessity of living where they can secure quarters, regardless of the distance from their work which must be reached daily with unfailing regularity—with the positive and imperative necessity for moving defense materials over our great system of highways—well, the chances are that the total miles driven by our motor vehicles may even increase in 1942.

Unless America wakes up, unless motor vehicle owners suddenly become endowed with common sense and caution, however, our highway accident toll for 1942 will show another unhappy increase.

Let's be blunt. *In 1942, the driver who has a highway accident shouldn't be considered a patriot.* These are harsh words, deliberately and thoughtfully set down.

Every time a motor vehicle is smashed in an accident, a transportation unit is out of action for the duration. Regardless of the amount of insurance on that car, the money simply can't buy a new car—and it's going to be increasingly difficult to buy good used cars. Every disabling accident automatically lowers America's assets.

Every time a tire is destroyed in an accident, our supply of useful rubber is reduced. And that can't be replaced, either!

Every man, physically fit for military or defense service, who is killed or permanently injured, is as much out of the war as if a Nazi or Jap bomb had exacted its toll. Only—we kill and



By
**HARRY
BOTSFORD**

The speedometer needle said 80.
It's sporty to stay under 40

has always rolled on rubber that looked bad, rubber that was worn. Yet, how infrequently poor rubber has been the cause of accidents!

With lower speeds, more care than they have ever had before, it will be astonishing how long our present tires will last. Truth is, only a small percentage of car owners ever gave their tires the attention they deserved. Now they are waking up to the desirability of watching a lot of things about their tires they never watched before. They have discovered, to their astonishment, that wear on tires isn't equal—that the

(Continued on page 42)

to the workmanship and materials that have gone into them.

Americans forget how many old cars are on the roads and the streets. It's time to remember. A survey made last year disclosed, for example, that 3,233,875 cars made in 1936 were still in use—and being driven on an average of 7,083 miles a year—a total of almost 23,000,000,000 miles a year. Why, we



Yankees **FOR A DAY**

By
**ERNEST
PAYNTER**

PERSONNEL of the U. S. Naval Forces operating out of Queenstown during '17-'18 were none too popular with the British men-of-warshipmen based there. They made no secret of their belief that we should have come into the fracas long ago, and used to emphasize their feelings by singing *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier*, with remarks about *Too proud to fight*.

Nor did we exactly fall in love with them. We had no hesitancy in announcing, "We licked you twice, can do it again, and now we're keeping Germany from doing it," together with references to Bunker Hill and John Paul Jones. Occasionally we raised our voices in a Yankeeified version of *God Save The King*.

Nothing subtle, of course, in these bits

of repartee, but they had the virtue of putting across the point. Frequently brought pugilistic results, too.

Not that the antagonism interfered with operating efficiency of the Allied Fleets, for they worked in excellent coordination. Deeper than any hostility was our admiration for the staying qualities of the British, their resourcefulness, dogged courage, and gay gallantry at combating U-boats, the destruction of which was the main objective of the Queenstown Command. Too, the British freely admitted that we had picked up

the fine points of the deep-sea game of hide-and-seek with surprising ease, and that at times our destroyers battled through gales which sent theirs scurrying to shelter.

Still, the feeling did exist, so that the commander of an English man-of-war could hardly be blamed for resenting the somewhat rowdy celebration on board his ship, without his consent, of Washington's birthday.

ALONG in February, 1918, we received word that a merchant ship carrying much needed supplies was to dock at Liverpool. As it would take a long time to trans-ship them by both sea and rail, it was decided to send a vessel to Liverpool, place the stores on her, then bring them direct to Queenstown. We had no U. S. craft at the Destroyer Base



"Come on, Hell-Path," said John, holding out a glass to the captain, "let's splice the main brace!"

suitable for handling cargo, so the British admiral in command of that area ordered a British trawler, one that had been converted into a man-of-war, to make the trip. As I was assistant supply officer, in charge of stores, the U. S. commander detailed me to go along and receive the material. At my request John Baker also went to handle the checking.

John, a Chief Commissary Steward, was a member of the U. S. S. *Melville's* crew and of my division. He had spent twenty years in the Navy, and was the most lovable man I've ever known. A queer expression to be applied to an old-time sailorman, but no other would fit him. Oh, John was a sweetheart in a fight when conditions called for battle. But he was so good-natured, knew such a lot of rib-tickling stories, held his liquor so well, had such a reputation for being able to look after himself in time of trouble, that battling was seldom necessary. He fulfilled the popular conception of a Tammany politician: Portly, dignified, calm under stress, with ability to handle any and all emergencies.

Except the captain of the trawler, everybody on her was most cordial to us Yanks. He was the only member of the Royal Navy, the rest being Reserves, and he apparently resented having his vessel turned into a cargo-carrier. A frosty-faced harsh disciplinarian, I heard he had been passed over for promotion because of his inability to get along with subordinates. Anyway, he was only a commander; other officers of the same age were admirals. I've forgotten his name, but the crew disdainfully called him "Hell-path," a distortion of his correct name, but rather appropriate.

We went through the Liverpool locks on February 19th, tying up at Seaforth Sands, just astern of one of the largest of the U. S. troop-transports, then in dry-dock. John and I went aboard her and found several former shipmates. Upon returning to the trawler we learned that the vessel carrying our supplies had been delayed by heavy weather and could not make port until about the twenty-fifth. Commander "Hell-path" at once went on leave, telling his executive, a Reserve officer, he would not return until the twenty-fourth.

IN JOHN'S case, the British had not only lost their antagonism, but were also doing



John did the honors with the turkey, and how!



So the stores came aboard for the party

their best to make themselves real shipmates. They saw to it that he received his ration of the rum served regularly on British men-of-war, and took him to the proper improper places where sailormen ashore in Liverpool foregathered. Frequently, passing the crew's quarters, I heard his deep, persuasive voice, followed by outbursts of laughter.

On the afternoon of the twenty-first, he came to me and suggested some sort of celebration for Washington's birthday. "All right with me," I agreed. "But I don't see how we can swing it. We can't very well ask an English ship to provide special food for *that* day, and you know what chance there is of buying anything fancy ashore, when all civilians are on short rations."

"I've got everything in the way of a big feed lined up ship-shape," he said. "The commissary steward on that troop-ship is a friend of mine. He's way ahead on rations—so many soldiers sea sick and not eating. He says if I'll bring a working-party, he'll give me the fixings for a swell blowout."

"O. K. And don't forget the officers' mess."

The executive fell in with the plan—I didn't mention Washington's birthday, and he probably didn't recall it—and detailed six men to help John handle the food for a crew of seventy. In a little while they returned, pushing handcarts loaded with pies, cakes, bags of nuts, boxes of candy, crates of fruits and vegetables, with twelve uncooked turkeys.

"Tomorrow," John told me proudly, "we'll run over and get three freezers of
(Continued on page 38)

Good-bye, Brown Trout

By

MAURICE R. QUICK

"Why doncha take him home?"
this rainbow wants to know

LEBENSRAUM. You know that word, and what it implies. It's the excuse Hitler gives for the rape of Europe. It's the African alibi of Mussolini, the "so sorry" that would whitewash Japanese treachery. The ruthless instinct of the over-prolific animal to conquer, displace, or devour those whose young are fewer or better-beloved than his own.

If you're a certain type of biologist, the word may find with you a cold, logical acceptance. Thank God, there is more to survival than logic and biology. That's the special dispensation of the democratic world. For their contribution to the higher life, we respect efficiency and we cultivate initiative; for the same reason, we glorify the virtues of imagination and inventiveness. When we're pushed around, we use these gifts—reluctantly but to superlative effect—on the tough guys of the world.

What, you ask, has this to do with this spring's trout fishing? Maybe those high-faluting ideas explain the democratic idea among human beings. But trout—they're a low form of life, you say:

Darwin had the answer; survival of the fittest, and all that.

I'm not so sure. Nobody can be sure until the last Saturday in April, 1942, which is the opening day of Michigan's trout season. But I'm holding my breath. This is a "preliminary report," as the scientific magazines would call it, on what may be a significant development.

ONE of the most savage exponents of the lebensraum concept is *salmo fario*—alias the brown trout, originally the German brown trout.

Maybe you think the northern pike is a greedy neighbor. Well, I've caught my limit of pike from a weed bed—

then, only a few boats' lengths away, have taken black bass and swirling bluegills on light tackle.

You seldom have an experience like that when the brown trout establishes himself. Give him a good start, and you can wave bye-bye to brook or rainbow fishing in those waters.

Until recently, at least.

In this country *fario*, the German brown, is an interloper. He was brought from his native Europe to stock waters a little too warm for his native relatives. The experiment succeeded, but with this qualification: *Fario* couldn't resist the temptation to muscle in on his cold-water neighbors. He gorged on their forage, gobbled up their spawn, took over their holes. And he grew big—too big, perhaps, for some of his adopted

Illustrations by
Arthur D.
Fuller

"Must of been fifty-sixty pounds of
trout in their bags when they quit"

waters; certainly too big for his native competitors.

A sportsman's fish? Oh yes, without a quibble. Brownie is a submarine; a shrewd, cautious, greedy chap. Your best chance to take him comes after dark, when it's hard work to keep your back-cast clear of trouble. You feel your way to a quiet stance, knee deep in the tugging current. Pretty soon, from beneath the far bank, you hear a noise like your Great-aunt Clara schlooping tea from her saucer. That's Brownie sucking in a caddis.

You shoot your big floater over and a little above. Another "schloop," and you've made contact with a dogged, speedy tackle-buster. Don't expect too much in the way of surface action. The brown is a realist. He wastes little of his strength on the aerobatics of a sixteen-inch rainbow, and probably thinks the rainbow is an exhibitionist. Brownie cares nothing for art; he just wants to get free, and he knows all the practical tricks. But as you shall see, his contempt for art may prove his undoing.

This story rightfully belongs to Bert Ferris of Peacock, which is on the banks of the Little Manistee river, in Lake County, Michigan. Bert is no biologist; but he is a very practical naturalist. His account is supported, in part, by the testimony of Joe Pichon—himself (on his mother's side) scion of countless generations of practical naturalists. "Squire" Lloyd Barnett, over at Baldwin, is a gentleman, an angler, and a magistrate. He thinks there may be something to Bert's story. That's enough for me.

IT WAS the week before Thanksgivin' (said Bert). I was walkin' along the bank up near the bend at Charlie Corbin's place. Kinda layin' out a trap line in my mind. There was a funny sound in the water, coming from up ahead. All I can say is, it sounded something like "Michili Mackinack! Michili Mackinack!"

(It should be understood that older-generation Michigan natives sound the final "c" in the place name, "Mackinac." While the French pronunciation is perpetuated in the spelling of Mackinaw

City, the name of Mackinac Island must be pronounced in accordance with English phonetics. Disregard of this convention marks you as an outlander.)

Well, I didn't pay much mind. If I give the sound any thought, I figured maybe some tree had fallen, and a twig was whippin' in the current. It was about that kind of noise, only not regular.

So when I purty near stepped on this big Brownie, floppin' in the path, I just

I started up the bank again, looking for sign and good sets. And I see the damndest sight in sixty years. Three rainbows come out of the water in perfect formation, like you see in pictures of fightin' airplanes. Comin' out, they made the "Michili" noise. Divin' back in, the splashes sounded like "Mackinack." So that was that. But right in front of 'em, twistin' this way an' that, was another big Brownie.

Two, maybe three minutes I stood



"That," observed the squire, Kellogg, "is the juiciest, longest winded, barest-faced example of manufactured testimony I ever listened to"

wet my hands and steered him back into the stream. You could see he was a purty tired old fish and it took him awhile to get under control there in the shallow water. Even when he got calm and collected, he didn't make a dash for the big hole under Charlie's landing. He just lay kind of quiet, foxy-like.

Then I heard that "Michili Mackinack! Michili Mackinack!" five or six rods up stream, and the Brownie flashed back to his hole, like something was after him. Must of been twenty-six, twenty-eight inches long. Nice fish.

there watchin'. Them rainbows had it right down to a system. They could all three turn like a flash right or left, up or down. Mostly they kept just behind an' a little below the Brownie, an' he would head for shallow water so they couldn't get at his under-side. Then they'd come in the air an' nip him all to once from above. There was just one place for that Brownie to go, and that was out. He hit the bank high an' dry, tuckered like the other one. The three rainbows, all pretty good fish but noth-

(Continued on page 44)

I WRITE as the anxious host, hoping that you will accept the hospitality of our house. Of course, I refer to the 1942 National Convention of the Legion and to New Orleans, where the welcome mats are being hemstitched already in Legion colors. In the old days, when a Spanish grandee in his manor house on the Delta issued an invitation and it was refused, nothing could satisfy the affront except pistols for two. Today I eagerly seize this opportunity to issue a challenge—a challenge to your imaginations.

You have been invited to the indestructible city—a city as tough as Old Hickory and romantic as Old Glory; a city that has survived fire and flood, plague, penury, pestilence, prosperity and politics. Not merely survived; it has grown, thrived, gained the eyes of the nation and the hearts of the world as the First City of Romance of North America.

New Orleans is not only unique. It is eternal like Paris, like Rome, taking its destiny not from ephemeral men of an hour but from Time itself—and an unconquerable heart.

May I paint a picture for you of this indestructible city of

By SAM HOUSTON JONES

Governor of Louisiana



iard, the fiery French, the Anglo-Saxon venturing southward from the New England States, all were forged in a flaming crucible in New Orleans—until there emerged a strange and beautiful culture, a unique American culture compounded of French, Spanish, Creole—the culture of today. We have proved that Americanism can blend the best in many populations and survive stronger than ever; we are the proof of the pudding in the melting pot.

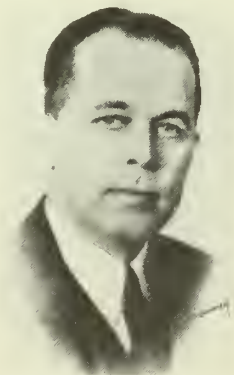
It takes adversity to forge unity. New Orleans has had adversity of many kinds, emerging stronger after each tilt with outrageous circumstance. The Mississippi swelled and burst its banks time after time, until with levees and canals the city was made flood-proof. Cholera and smallpox all but wiped out New Orleans, until health measures, rigidly pursued, made it one of the healthiest cities. Factions and races fought within the city in bloody riot until long familiarity bred the graceful French-Spanish-American Creole and a tolerance found in few cities in the world.

Cities are not built out of concrete and wood. They are built in tears and disaster and happiness and danger mutually met by many people. Behind the

OLD INDESTRUCTIBLE

NEW ORLEANS THE
UNCONQUERABLE
WANTS TO SEE YOU

romance? Think back with me—away back to the first years of the Nineteenth Century, when the Louisiana Territory was newly part of the United States, when New Orleans was a walled town, insecure, on a wild frontier, with Fort



Legionnaire Jones



They still feature cotton at the Crescent City, as on January 8, 1815. At the top, Pirates' Alley in the old French Quarter

St. Charles and Fort St. Louis offering walls eighteen inches thick as protection not only against marauding Indians but against disorders of a melting-pot population within.

Yes, within the city the proud Span-

trellised gardens, the grilled galleries and the romantic balconies of New Orleans beats a proud, tried heart. You have not, my comrades, truly known this great nation until you have listened to the beat of that heart.

24TH NATIONAL CONVENTION, THE AMERICAN LEGION
NEW ORLEANS, SEPTEMBER 21ST-24TH



Jackson Square, spiritual center of New Orleans, with, left to right, the Cabildo, St. Louis Cathedral, and the Presbytere

CALLING

Now New Orleans is the great Doorway City—looking Southward toward the rest of the New World. We are not only the doorway to South America and hence to tomorrow but also we are the threshold of the immense and ominous Now: the present of alarm and dangers of war. In Louisiana half a million men trained for war. Your boys, your relatives, were here. We tried to make them remember Louisiana as the pleasant place it was, despite the hardships they had to undergo in their simulated battles.

More soldiers have trod the soil of Louisiana in the last two years than have set foot in any other State. We are proud of this in Louisiana. The soldiers have not only seen New Orleans. They have roamed the romantic Teche country, they have become aware of the awakening industrial era which the State is ushering in for the whole South; they have toured the Evangeline country and the red hills of piney North Louisiana.

These young men have come to know Louisiana and I rejoice that they will spread word of us from Coast to Coast. It is our determination to leave with these men an impression of our State that is so favorable they will wish to return after the war and live here.

There will be room and opportunity for them in many fields, widening fields. In the past we have been an agricultural State, with opportunities for earning a living thus limited. Now we have emerged, almost overnight, as a budding industrial area, with \$62,000,000 in ship-building contracts and another \$50,000,000 in miscellaneous defense industries. Altogether \$250,000,000 in private industrial expansion has been achieved in Louisiana over the past two years.

The military installations and defense expenditures in Louisiana come to at least half a billion dollars and Louisiana proposes to hold her gains when peace comes. Few of our industries are strictly "war babies;" nearly all can be converted with little effort into peacetime production.

For example, even the defense housing units built near Alexandria for non-commissioned officers will be bought by the State and converted into modern wards to house patients of the Central Louisiana Hospital, a mental institution. They were designed for such conversion.

A year from now Louisiana will still be host to many thousands of troops, for this war, I am afraid, will not be over. Come and fraternize with the soldiers of 1942, you Veterans of 1918.

When my official family meets in the Governor's office, I look around and feel
(Continued on page 41)



The beautiful capitol of the State of Louisiana at Baton Rouge, 65 miles away

NO MORE SQUAWKS, PLEASE!!-

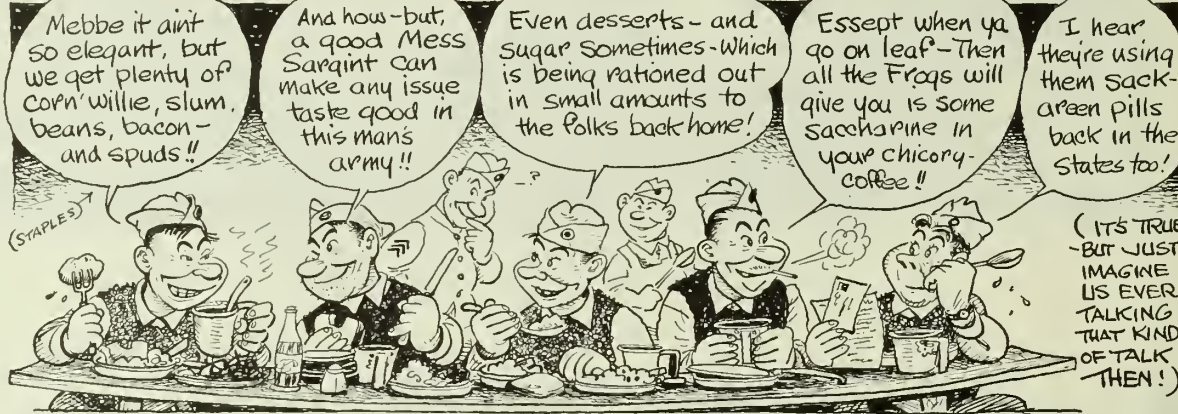
by Wallgren- or anybody else.

FREDERICK THE GREAT SAID "AN ARMY MOVES ON ITS STOMACH!" AND WE WHO KNOW SHOULD DO ALL IN OUR POWER TO KEEP OUR NEW ARMY MOVING - LIKE THEY KEPT US MOVING (ON TO VICTORY) BACK IN 1917-1918.

APRIL IS OUR PATRIOTIC WAR MONTH - THE REV'LUTION, CIVIL, SPANISH-AMERICAN, AND WORLD WAR #1 - ALL STARTED IN APRIL - SO, PIPE DOWN EVERY UNPATRIOTIC PIG YOU PIPE - STARTING NOW.



WE DIDN'T FARE SO BAD BACK IN OUR WAR - EVEN IN THE A. E. F. - WHEN CHOW CALL BLEW EVERYBUDDY HURRIED TO PUT ON THE FEED BAG - AND SCOFFED WITH GUSTO. AND NOW -



LET'S US REMEMBER THAT SOLDIERS HAS TO EAT GOOD TO FIGHT GOOD - AND DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT "RATIONING".



ALL OUR SACRIFICES TO DATE SEEM PETTY IN COMPARISON.



AFTER 25 YEARS

EDITORIAL

ON APRIL 6th, when we celebrate the 25th anniversary of our entrance into the First World War, we shall, almost without a doubt, be confronted with even worse news than that which faces us on the day in early March when this is written. With Singapore fallen, General MacArthur's gallant force hemmed in on Bataan Province in the Philippines (but incredibly organizing an offensive against the swarming Japanese!) the defense of Java at a critical posture, Burma on the verge of falling, and Australia threatened, things look black indeed for the United Nations.

The Southwest Pacific has become virtually the "Japanese millpond" which a Nipponese colonel in Siberia assured Lieutenant Stephen F. Chadwick, U. S. A., later to become a National Commander of The American Legion, away back in the spring of 1919 in Siberia, they would both one day see. Fortunately for the cause of the United Nations this winter has seen the Russians dealing enormously effective blows in Europe against the Hitler hordes, and it is quite possible that before these lines are read by the Legion membership the Nazi machine will have lost the fine edge it must have if it is to strike effectively this spring and summer anywhere in Europe. In the Far East the prospects are that the news will be worse before it is better.

It is in these grim circumstances that we who served in the last war remember that April day twenty-five years ago. This war could be lost. It won't be, because we know what its loss would mean not only to us and the rest of the world for at least three generations, and possibly more. We have just begun to fight, and we have resolved, by the eternal God, that come what may, we shall not lay down our arms until the threat to a decent existence implicit in the Nazi-Fascist-Nipponese philosophy is definitely eliminated.

Until that happy day, every consideration other than that of achieving victory becomes secondary, because, as an examination of the exhibit on page one of this issue will show, we are once again faced with the kind of situation that called forth Patrick Henry's impassioned "Give me Liberty or give me death!"

OF COURSE the pattern of this war has not followed exactly that of the war we knew, but in several respects the resemblance between the two is in some respects striking. In the earlier war the United States did not range herself against the Central Powers until the contest had been raging for a little more than 32 months. Being almost totally unprepared to wage war, we did not make our presence felt in the struggle during the first twelve months after April 6, 1917,

though we were training men and sending munitions and helping the British and French hold the blockade against the German sea arm. In the black days of the offensive launched by the Germans in March, 1918, when the desperate situation facing the Allies forced them to adopt the unified command under Foch, the Americans were still an untried element, and it was not until September of that year that our great St. Mihiel offensive got under way. But less than sixty days after St. Mihiel the Germans were signing the Armistice terms in the railway coach at Compiègne.

In this war the United States became an active belligerent twenty-seven months after the outbreak of hostilities. But on December 7, 1941, when the Japs' sneak punch was put over at Pearl Harbor, the industrial mobilization of the nation was seventeen months along, and the selective service had been in effect

for fifteen months. We shall not require long months of preparation for the St. Mihiel we shall certainly unleash in this new war, and then . . .

Hitler knows that his *Mein Kampf* apology for the German defeat of 1918—the Kaiser's armies, he prates, were not whipped on the battlefield, but were stabbed in the back by the folks at home—is a lie. The Germans during nearly four years of war proved to be magnificent "front runners," a running-track term to signify a person who takes the lead in the early stages of a race. When the going really got tough after July 15, 1918, where were they? They were behind, and they never caught up. Everybody knows the way in which the British Isles have been pounded since September, 1940; does anybody doubt that the Germans, if they had been subjected to the same treatment, would long ago have folded?

The Russian smashing of the Nazi hordes may provide the needed offset to the critical situation of the United Nations in the Far Eastern operations. And we are by no means going to call it a day and retire from the Western Pacific even if Java and Bataan and Corregidor fall.

The game is in our hands. Let us not fumble the ball by disunity or apathy. Humanity, in the fine words of Longfellow's grand poem, "is hanging breathless on our fate," and we dare not fail.



Frank Luke, World War "Balloon Buster," is honored in the fine statue on the grounds of Arizona's capital at Phoenix



Father Francis P. Duffy, Fighting-Sixty-Ninth Chaplain, looks out on Broadway in the heart of the New York he loved

★ ★ ★
*My Country,
'tis of Thee*

In peacetime emergencies California Legionnaires have through the years done a great job. They're doing a great job now

Illustrations by
WILL
GRAVEN

ON THE first Sunday in December, 1941, more than two hundred Legionnaires were gathered in the beautiful Veterans Memorial Building in San Francisco. The regular winter meeting of the California Executive Committee was in session. During the morning the Committee had listened to a stirring address by National Vice Commander "Tom" Sawyer, of Arizona. Tom presented facts showing that the United States was even then at war and urged The American Legion to play its part in the war effort.

Lieutenant Kennedy, Naval Recruiting officer of the Twelfth Naval District, followed. He thanked The American Legion for the assistance given to the Navy in its campaign for enlistments, but pleaded earnestly for further help.

Hardly had he concluded when Department Historian Walter Naughton interrupted the proceedings: "The *Associated Press* has just verified a radio report that the Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor."



CALIFORNIA: On the

By
**JOHN A.
SINCLAIR**

There was a stunned silence. True, war with Japan had seemed inevitable, but that it had come so suddenly and so devastatingly seemed incredible. A few members filtered out, seeking further news, but the meeting proceeded. Ten minutes later, Department Sergeant-at-Arms George Contreras, a captain in the Sheriff's office of Los Angeles County, addressed the chair: "I have received orders to report for duty immediately and beg leave to be excused."

Five minutes later came the announcement: "All naval officers and members of the Naval Reserves are ordered to report at once to their stations." A dozen or more departed. Thus war came to the Department of California and thus without delay the Department began to take its place in the conduct of the war.

The story of the participation of The American Legion in California in the present war is after all the story of the 70,000 members, who in one capacity or another, are giving their services "in the same spirit of devotion which character-

ized their participation in the first World War." Wherever we turn, we find Legionnaires, whether in uniform or not, performing their full measure of service to their country.

Following the call of the California National Guard to federal service, the California State Guard was organized under the direction of Adjutant General Joe Donovan, a member of Hollywood Post. Some 87 percent of the commissioned officers of the Guard are Legionnaires. Likewise, approximately 40 percent of the enlisted personnel are members of the Legion. When the Guard was organized there was no appropriation to finance it. Its members were required to buy their own uniforms. The State

Guard was called immediately into active duty. Its members left their homes and their businesses on a few hours' notice and since then have been guarding the bridges, defense plants and other vital points in the State. There have been no complaints from the men who wore the uniform in the last war. They know the danger to which their country is subjected, and they willingly are giving what service they can to preserve their homes and our institutions.

Important as is the contribution of the World War veteran to the armed forces, we find a much larger number of veterans serving in the broad field of civilian defense. This service may be less spectacular, but it is of equal importance and in many instances is being done at great personal sacrifice. The 1941 session of the State Legislature enacted a bill, introduced by Senator Irwin T. Quinn, one of the old guard of the Department, to create a State Council of Defense. This council is charged with the organization and maintenance of

civilian defense in California. The American Legion is represented on the Council by Department Commander Bob Garner. The work of the Council is coordinated with the O.C.D. and the military authorities. Each county in turn has its Defense Council charged with local responsibility. It is not an exaggeration to say that the key men on most of the County Defense Councils are Legionnaires.

It is perhaps unnecessary to stress the important position that California occupies in the conduct of the war.

This great State, the second largest in the Union, stretches from the southern boundary of Oregon to Lower California, a distance of nearly 800 miles. Its width varies from some 150 to 350 miles. One thousand miles of coast line looks westward across the Pacific toward the present theater of hostilities in the Orient. From her harbors go the convoys, taking troops and materiel to the fields of operation across the Pacific. Into her harbors these convoys return with the wounded and the evacuees. Dotted over the whole State are concentration, training camps and flying fields. There is a constant flow of troops over her railroads and highways.

The Japanese who have come here have found the mild climate and fertile valleys greatly to their liking. The agricultural worker was willing to work longer hours than his white competitor and was able to subsist upon a fare which would not have sustained a white man.



Nurses Post of San Francisco on the job outfitting a field hospital unit that needed equipment in a hurry

The Japanese in California were industrious and prospered. Is it strange then that Japan should have been casting envious eyes upon the State for many years?

For proof of this we need go no further back than 1906 or 1907. By that time the pressure of Japanese immigration was being felt severely in California. Several incidents occurred and a crisis developed. In 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt attempted to pacify Japan and satisfy California by entering into the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" under which the influx of Japanese laborers was to cease. Unfortunately for California, Japanese laborers continued to arrive. Probably several thousand were smuggled into California from Mexico, but the greatest influx during this period came as a result of the notorious "picture bride" device. By this method,

thousands of Japanese women were issued passports to come to California to join husbands they had never seen but whom they had married under Japanese law by an exchange of photographs. The greater part of these "picture brides" were laborers as fully as the men they came to join and took their places beside them in the fields doing a man's work. Thus, not only was a way found to circumvent the "Gentlemen's Agreement" but, because of the fecundity of the "picture brides" (an average of five children) a new and greater generation of Japanese in California was assured.

In 1924 the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1908 was terminated by a revision of the Immigration Act which forbade further Japanese immigration.

It is perhaps worthy of note that almost immediately upon the organization of the Department of California, The American Legion interested itself in the subject of Japanese immigration. At that

time there were several other organizations which were working on one or more of the phases of the Japanese problem, such as exclusion of immigration, alien land ownership, and the alien fishing industry. These were the State



The Mt. Wilson observation post has been manned consistently, under the most adverse conditions

Federation of Labor, the Native Sons of the Golden West and the California Grange. It was soon decided that concerted action would be beneficial and to that end a body now known as the California Joint Immigration Committee was formed.

That Committee was in large measure
(Continued on page 56)

Alert!



Japanese were uncomfortably close to many of our defense installations. They're being moved away

Ski Thiz

Earl McCoy, speed champ, made the mile run down Proctor Mountain in 2:04 flat



FOR many years past, an average of half a million boys under the age of seventeen have, each summer, under American Legion sponsorship put on a nation-wide baseball competition, culminating in a Little World Series. A new champion team climbs to the top each year through hard fighting and expert ball playing. The interest in this development of the national summer game is by no means confined to the youngsters, but the local, regional, area and final competitions are carefully followed by ball fans and the newspapers give full reports of the competition on the sports pages.

That's all right for summer, and Idaho has, through all the years, liberally supported the baseball program. In looking about for a winter sport nothing was more natural than that the Idaho Legionnaires, with all the fine courses and splendid facilities so readily at hand, should determine upon a Department



Payette Lakes team—Dick Bross, Charles Swedblom, Bill Brown, Don Brown and Buster Johnson—an aggregation of plain and fancy skiers

ski competition. After all, Legionnaire Earl E. Garrity, Director of the Youth Activity Committee, reasoned that the Legion's Junior Baseball program was a comparatively small scale operation at the start. So, with thirty boy skiers

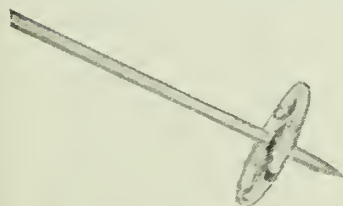
on April 4 and 5 of this year will not only see the cream of the Idaho ski champ material on the courses, but when this piece was written some weeks before the April event, youthful skiers from Washington, Utah, Oregon, Montana

of the courses and all of the magnificent facilities of one of America's foremost playgrounds. These facilities, which include instructors from high-priced ski classes, are freely opened, and the rates for housing and maintenance are so reasonable that no youngster is so underprivileged that he cannot afford to attend. The brilliant feats

AT SUN VALLEY

from various sections of Idaho, the Legion in March, 1940, staged its first all-state ski competition on the powder snow of Sun Valley. These lads put on a show that completely captivated the veteran ski fans and, at the same time, firmly established the ski tournament as an annual official event of the Department of Idaho.

Veteran ski instructors, braving a raging blizzard that howled around Proctor Mountain when the boys took off from its top in the downhill race, a mile and a half, to the floor of the valley, saw an upset in Sun Valley skiing in the performance of the young contestants. With the reckless abandon of youth under pressure these lads virtually



skied themselves into the heart of the sophisticated winter resort. In coöperation with the Sun Valley Ski Club and other officials plans were laid for the second all-Idaho meet held in 1941—and then an expansion of the competition to include all of the Western States. The third competition, to be held

and Nevada had already applied for entry into the various contests.

In three years of ski competition, says Legionnaire Garrity, this Idaho program has developed a company, or better, of skiers coming into military age who would do credit to the ski troops of any nation. Best of all, trained under instructors expert in every phase of plain and fancy skiing, many of these lads are fully qualified by training and ability to train others. That is just one practical, and highly significant, by-product of the annual Idaho tournament.

Everything is "big league" at Sun Valley and anyone who writes his name on the tablet of fame there deserves the name of champion. That The American Legion and its ski tournament have won the high esteem of the officials and instructors is evidenced by the eagerness with which it is invited to return with the boys each year, and given the freedom



Ronnie Radmaker, 14-year-old Cascade lad, topped in jumping with a leap of 120 feet

of the young snow kings brings a capacity crowd each year, including many celebrities whose names are almost household words.

This year the Legion's Western Ski Championship is open to all boys of high school age, and it will go a long way towards promoting a healthy growth of this exciting, stimulating winter sport in the great American Snow Belt.

Last year, when the meet was restricted to Idaho youngsters, some sensational records were made. Individual honors were won by a Payette boy who bears the good old American name of Bill Brown. Earl McCoy of Sun Valley won the downhill race on a mile long course in the amazing time of 2:04 minutes. Ronnie Radmaker of Cascade—"that daring young man on the flying skis"—won the jumping event with leaps of 120 and 117 feet. Bill Brown captured the slalom, darting through the flags marking the two hundred yard course in times of 39.2 and 31.2 seconds. Sun Valley won the team event with 804.4 points, vanquishing the boys from Payette Lakes who rolled up a score of 745.2, but Payette Lakes lads took honors for the three-way combined



Five-man team from Sun Valley won the team event—Wilburt Rathke, Earl McCoy, Alvin McCoy, Lonnie Linderman and Robert McDonald



Walter B. Hill Post of Albemarle, North Carolina, entertained 52,000 soldiers in this home during the 1941 fall army maneuvers

event—down hill, slalom and jumping.

But the most important trophy of all went to pugnosed, freckled Bill Pulsipher of Ketchum—the sportsmanship cup, awarded to him on the vote of his fellow contestants. And he fairly beamed with pride when, at the banquet in honor of the youngsters, he went to the head table to receive the cup from William M. Jeffers, President of the Union Pacific Railway System, who handed out the trophies.



mander E. Clyde Smith and Service Officer W. H. ('Doc') Morrow started the wheels to turning. Then plans were changed and Stanly County became the point of greatest concentration—from 60,000 to 70,000 soldiers were within a radius of ten miles of Albemarle for a considerable length of time. Plans were not changed—only stepped up, and for sixty-two days and nights, while the maneuvers were in progress, the Legion hut was completely overrun, and for the same period 'Doc' Morrow spent his whole time there. Here are some figures which Legionnaires in other centers may find interest-

ing, and maybe a little bit helpful: "An estimated total of 52,600 soldiers availed themselves of the facilities of the Legion Hut, which operated with a staff manned by volunteer Legionnaires. Eight additional showers were installed in the basement, which were open at all times, together with razors, razor blades, shaving cream, brushes, mugs, lotions, towels, soap, radio, portable turn-table for playing records, records, needles, sleeping quarters, (75 mattresses), room register, (homes for night and week-end stays), transportation to homes, check room, men's rooms, telephone and mail service (first class and parcel post), stamps, parking facilities, information service, cooking facilities for heating field rations and making coffee, playing cards and card tables, magazines, daily papers, refreshments such as coffee, fruit juices, ice water, doughnuts and cigarettes.

"What response to the open house invitation? Plenty, plenty—the soldiers came in droves, herds, companies, platoons and squads, and this continued for the whole of the sixty-two days. The U.S.O. furnished 10,000 cakes of soap, the Post added 2,172 additional cakes to fill requirements. The U.S.O. furnished 8,716 towels, to which the Post added 2,300, and an estimated total of 1,000 used their own towels, to make a grand total of 12,016 baths. Whiskers irritated the streamlined soldiers of 1941—5,000 shaved at the Hut with their own kits and 2,074 shaved with Legion equipment, using 50 tubes of shaving cream and 2,000 razor blades. The Post handled 15,191 pieces of mail, in addition to thousands of letters carried out and mailed by the soldiers—but the Post furnished 3,450 stamps. Sleeping quarters at the

Legion Hospitality

"IF YOU have ever had the experience of preparing for a number of expected guests, working under a handicap of limited facilities, only to have the number increased a hundredfold or more, then you will have some idea of the difficulties under which our Post worked during the course of the army maneuvers in North Carolina last fall," writes L. L. Cranford of Walter B. Hill Post of Albemarle, North Carolina. Unexpected guests came—in greater numbers than anticipated—but true to the tradition of Carolina hospitality the Legionnaires met the problem like old soldiers—and Carolinians. What a job they did! Let's permit Comrade Cranford to tell about it:

"Albemarle is a town of 12,000, county seat of Stanly County, and our Post has a membership of 175. When Post officials were requested to prepare for the entertainment of the soldiers, then expected in limited numbers in our area, a committee headed by Com-



An operating table with equipment is the latest contribution of the 5th Connecticut District to the hospitals in its home area

Hut were used by 2,490 men and 1,882 were placed in private homes. Free refreshments were served: gallons and gallons of hot coffee, 2,190 doughnuts and cakes, 650 pounds of ice for ice water, and thousands of cigarettes. Two tons of coal were used for heating water for baths.

"Yes, sir, it was a hectic time for this average-member Post. It cost some money, which was cheerfully paid—and there was enough left over to send a Christmas card to every man who registered at the Hut. And there was hospitality enough left over to repeat the performance at any time the War Department feels like sending more men down this way. Our welcome mat is spread at the front door."

Hospital Helpers

TWO years ago the Fifth Legion District of Connecticut presented a baby incubator to Lawrence Memorial Hospital at New London, says Legionnaire William B. Perry. There was a considerable sum



Scoutmaster James E. Parker (Legionnaire) of the Post-sponsored Ensley, Alabama, Troop, with his two sets of twin sons, Donald and Ronald, James and John

left over after all of the Posts, Auxiliary, Forty and Eight and Eight and Forty Units had paid in their contributions; last year this residue, together with additional funds raised from the same sources, made possible the presentation of a respirator and resuscitator to Backus Hospital at Norwich. Just recently the Legion forces got around to the last hospital in the county—an operating table fully equipped was delivered to Home Memorial Hospital at New London by Chairman Perry.

Memorial Chapel

WHEN the War Department determined to make Fort George G.



"In honor and in loving memory of the officers and men of the 79th Division" are the memorials placed in the Chapel at Fort Meade

Meade, Maryland, a permanent Army Post a number of permanent buildings were erected, among these a chapel of a simple, though beautiful, colonial design with plain glass windows. Camp Meade, as it was known in World War days, was the home camp of the 79th Division and the surviving veterans of that distin-

guished A. E. F. combat unit, now banded together in the 79th Division Association, determined to complete the chapel by the installation of memorial stained glass windows. The first window was installed by the 316th Infantry, followed by other units, until now all the windows are stained glass dedicated appropriately in memory of some Regiment.

To commemorate the Division as a whole, Colonel H. Harrison Smith and his committee selected a painting, "The Crucifixion," which was placed directly over the altar and a silver memorial tablet was fixed on a column at the end of the chancel rail: "In honor and in loving memory of the men of the 79th Division." Appropriate services were held dedicating the memorial, with men who wore the Lorraine Cross in 1917 to 1919 coming from all parts of the country.

Burning Bees

A JOINT meeting of Harold Johnson Post and its Auxiliary, of Wamego, Kansas, was held just as old 1941 was about to breathe its last—all for the purpose of burning a four-year-old mortgage on their jointly-owned home," reports Chairman B. R. Kirkpatrick. "The Legion outfit started the New Year right. At the meeting fine old relics of the Grand Army of the Republic were displayed, now in the care and (Continued on page 58)



Harold Johnson Post of Wamego, Kansas, started the New Year right by holding a big burning bee—victim: the old mortgage on Post home



An arch of welcome erected in Luxembourg for the Americans who helped liberate that country in 1918

A QUARTER of a century ago this month marked the beginning of the great adventure in which almost five millions of us then-young Americans participated. This fact is brought forcibly to mind by the announcement this year of "silver anniversary" reunions of the various and sundry outfits that composed our military forces in World War I. We'll have to start admitting that we're old vets.

Now, before that quarter-century had been quite completed, more millions of young Americans are embarking upon similar adventure, though of far greater magnitude. The war that we were told was then being fought to end all wars ended in an armistice—and that's all it subsequently proved to be, an armistice and not the end of world-wide strife. And some of the old veterans are again lining up with the youngsters to try to make a thorough job of it this time.

It's a healthy, fighting force that we have today—if the griping about chow and drill and regulations and lack of passes, just as we griped in those by-gone days, is any indication. But when this war is ended, you'll find the new veterans forgetting the unpleasant things and recalling the amusing incidents and escapades in which they have a hand—just listen in on any reunion of our gang.

There were exciting episodes and thrills aplenty in our war, especially for the men who got into action—but this department remembers as one of its outstanding



thrills the gratitude expressed by the few old folks and children who for the duration of our war had been under enemy domination in their home villages, villages which its regiment liberated. Often that gratitude was expressed through welcome arches—some quite crude, some more elaborate, as the one pictured on this page—for the American troops that marched along the rues nationales along which the villages were strung. On the hike into the Occupied Area in the Rhineland, we found them in French and Belgian villages and

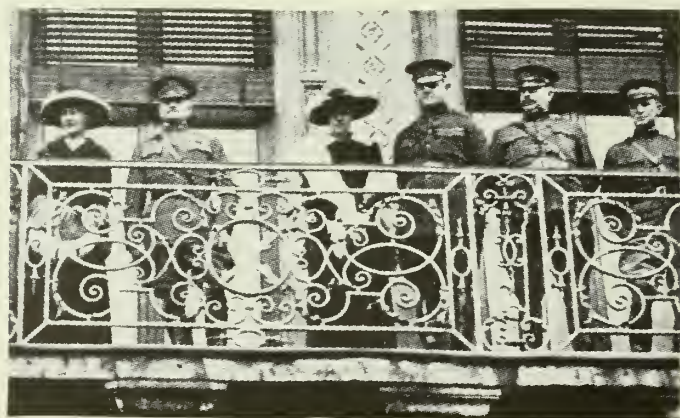
also in the Duchy of Luxembourg. On some, the greeting appeared in French—"à Nos Libérateurs."

That same thrill is in store for our present military forces—because it *will* happen again, it *must* happen again. They, too, will liberate many peoples whom our enemies have enslaved in many parts of the globe.

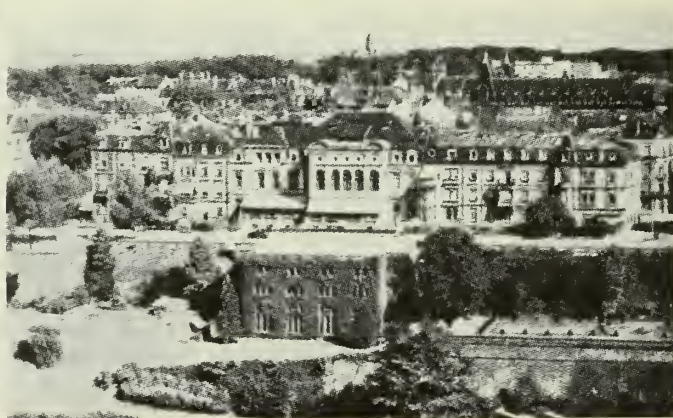
The picture of the welcome arch—this one in Luxembourg—and the other two snapshots on this page, came from Dr. W. W. Hurst, professor of prosthetic dentistry in Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, and Vice Commander of Army and Navy Post in that



IT *will* HAPPEN



Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide and Duchess Charlotte, with General Pershing and staff, reviewed American troops in Luxembourg City



The Casino in Luxembourg City where two doughboys, with officers' aid, successfully crashed an Officers Only reception and dance

city. The doctor reports that during the war he was a private first class and served as dental assistant to Lieutenant L. M. Cruttenden, dental surgeon with the 151st Field Artillery, Rainbow Division. The pictures came with a story sent by the doctor—a tale which he titled, "The Sign Read 'For Officers Only'." We'll let you read it:

"The 151st Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division, in its march to Germany after the Armistice, stopped for a day's rest in a little town just southwest of Luxembourg City, the capital of the Duchy. Passes into the city were issued to most of the members of the regiment. In their wanderings about, Private G. W. Emerson and I, both of the medical detachment, chanced to see a sign on the exclusive Casino Club which read, 'The citizens of Luxembourg invite the American officers passing through the Duchy to a dance here on Saturday night.'



completed our plans to attend the dance. "Emerson and I changed from our rough, shoddy, issue britches into the officers' issue which we had carried for months in anticipation of wearing them on leave. Wrap puttees, half-worn-out barrack shoes, and the old shoddy blouse, without benefit of a Sam Browne belt, completed our dress. However, hadn't some officers lost their entire equipment, bedrolls, uniforms, etc.? Any

and wives of the social set of Luxembourg were the hostesses. A high-school smattering of German, army French and a little English, well-mixed, served us in arranging for dances. A plentiful supply of nerve and control made it easy for us to walk up to a general or colonel or other officer talking with his fair partner, and engage her for the next dance. The one-step, waltz, schottische and barn dance were then

again

"That day of our visit being Friday, and the invitation directed to officers only, the only effect the announcement had on us was to activate a longing for dancing which for over a year had been more or less dormant.

"The next day's march was short, taking the regiment just a few kilometers to the east of Luxembourg City. When Emerson and I discovered that no further travel would be undertaken until Sunday, that dance in the Casino was uppermost in our minds. But how to participate in the affair, when the sign specifically stated 'for officers'?

"Democracy in the American Army may have been rare in spots but there were exceptions. Emerson and I had two real friends in Captain W. J. Frawley (now an ear, nose and throat specialist in Appleton, Wisconsin), and Lieutenant Cruttenden, our regimental dentist (now practising dentistry in the Lowry Medical Building in St. Paul, Minnesota.) To interest these two officers in the dance seemed the only solution. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, seemed a good motto and so, after some persuasion, Captain Frawley, Lieutenant Cruttenden, Emerson and I



Doughboys of the 14th Infantry helped women workers of the Red Cross in Spokane, Washington, raise funds for war work in 1918



suspicion that we weren't officers would be dismissed with the thought that we were among the unfortunates.

"Captain J. E. Soper, commanding the medical detachment, was a stickler for regulations, discipline and what have you. The detachment's Ford, for which Emerson was chauffeur, was reposing right under the captain's window. Fortunately the C. O. had elected to go to bed early and so at nine o'clock, Emerson and I quietly pushed the Ford from its parking place and down the street a block, where Captain Frawley and Lieutenant Cruttenden were waiting. Emerson started the engine and our party of four headed for the Casino.

"The two bogus officers felt no little trepidation when they sighted an M. P. standing at the top of the stairs leading to the Club's dance room. It was too late to turn back—but to the surprise and delight of Emerson and me, the M. P. was there merely to offer a kindly greeting to the military and other guests.

"A major general, two brigadier generals, several colonels, majors, captains, and scores of lieutenants were at the party. Daughters

in vogue there, so the two buck-private 'officers,' recently from the University of Minnesota's many dancing opportunities, were right at home.

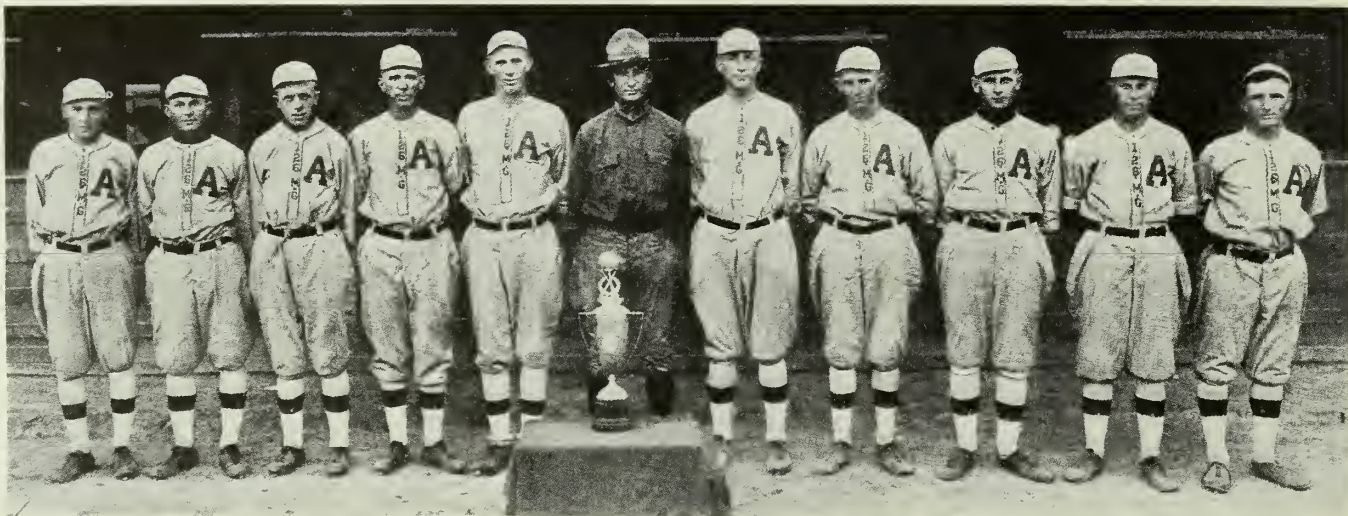
"The party over, the four 'officers' returned to their little town, rolled the Ford back under the captain's window, and went to their respective bunks.

"One of the pictures I enclose shows the Casino where the dance was held; another shows General Pershing standing on the balcony of the grand-ducal palace in Luxembourg City, between the late Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide and her sister, Charlotte, on November 21, 1918, reviewing American troops; the third is a shot of one of the numerous welcome arches in Luxembourg. American soldiers whose outfits became part of the Third Army, or Army of Occupation, will recall many of these arches in northeastern France, in Belgium and in Luxembourg.

"The pictures were obtained by me from a Cleveland woman, a former Luxembourger, whom I met and who gave me several magazines and a brochure—the latter having been published in 1939 on the occasion of Luxembourg's one-hundredth anniversary of gaining its independence. Now, unfortunately, it is again under German domination."

NOW, as it was back in 1917-1919, the American Red Cross has thrown its full strength and efforts into





The baseball team of Company A, 126th Machine Gun Battalion, won the championship of the 34th Division at Camp Cody, New Mexico, in 1918. Does the company's C. O., center, look familiar to you?

war work, and Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units are cooperating fully in its drive for war funds. We are pleased, therefore, to reproduce a snapshot print that came to us from Conrad V. Anderson, Adjutant of Roy (Montana) Post, which recalls the aid that men in uniform gave in the Red Cross fund-raising campaigns during the time of our war. We will hear the report of Adjutant Anderson:

"Although the enclosed snapshot differs from those which usually illustrate Then and Now, I think it is timely because of the Red Cross drive, and it also proves that all men in the Army do not necessarily serve in dangerous positions.

"During the spring of 1918, while Headquarters Company, Machine Gun

Company, and Company E, 14th Infantry, were stationed at Fort George Wright, Washington, the Red Cross of Spokane, Washington, put on a drive for funds. In a big parade, seven other soldiers and I rode on a float with six Red Cross women workers. They fed us coffee and cookies—and it was pretty soft going for doughboys! That night, eight of us soldiers were detailed as military butlers at the Davenport Hotel, where a Red Cross dance was staged. Music was furnished by our regimental band. And was that some dance! Over 11,000 tickets were sold for it.

"Roy Post's American Legion Auxiliary Unit, of which my wife is Secretary, is in charge of our local Red Cross and informs me that the quota for our town has been over-subscribed.

"I do not recall the names of the women in the picture, but the soldiers, from left to right, are Corporal Pell, Private Cal-



houn, unknown, Richardson, Malmquist and Leap. Seated are a man whose name I don't recall, myself and Stricket. I would like to hear from them and other men of my old outfit.

"I was assigned to Machine Gun Company, 14th Infantry, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, upon the regiment's arrival there from the Mexican Border. I enlisted and didn't expect to come back alive

—but it worked out differently. The 'Fighting 14th' it was called, for in all past wars it had a very splendid record as a fighting unit. Many of the men were oldtimers and some had served with General Pershing.

"The 14th was at one time scattered around and used pretty much for guard duty—some companies in Seattle, Spokane, in Butte and Great Falls, Montana, and some even up in Alaska. Eventually, the regiment was reassembled at Camp Dodge, Iowa. Those boys who had been in Alaska seemed to be a very hardy lot, but when the flu hit Camp Dodge, it hit those men heaviest of all.

"Our regiment never saw overseas service and we were disappointed, so when the opportunity was afforded at Camp Dodge, about half of my company applied for examination as
(Continued on page 60)



Ex-Lieutenant Warren Moore, adjutant of the 28th Engineers, with two of the mascots of his regimental headquarters in the A. E. F.



Illustrated by
Frank Street

Uncle Sam

HIMSELF

By
**IRVING
WALLACE**



A beloved member of our community, "Uncle" Samuel Wilson, died today of natural causes. He was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, 88 years ago. With his brother, Ebenezer, he was in the beef supplying business. In the War of 1812, he supplied foodstuffs to the Government. He was a patriot. We shall never forget him.
—Troy, (N. Y.) Times, July 1, 1854.

TWO days before he wrote that notice, the new editor of the *Troy Times*, having heard from the nextdoor blacksmith that Samuel Wilson wasn't well, left his printing shop and walked down the dusty road toward the south. The new editor had heard a good deal about old Samuel Wilson. And now it might be respectful to pay him a sick call, reflected the editor. After all,

the old man, with his long angular face, his white goatee, was a landmark in the community. And besides, they all said he was a good talker. "You might even get a story out of Sam," they said, and of course that was a challenge.

When the editor reached the turnpike, he followed the rut to his right, hiked about a half-mile, until he sighted the dilapidated gray wooden house. He saw the old man, motionless, bundled in a rocker, on the porch. Samuel Wilson seemed asleep—but the new editor expected this, for everyone said that Samuel Wilson always seemed asleep, but that he never, never was.

The editor went up the walk, climbed

the steps noisily to announce his approach. Samuel Wilson stirred in his rocker, looked up, greeted him. The editor then submitted the usual courtesies—"How are you feeling, sir? How is your resistance, sir?"

After the proper lapse of time, the editor, an inward eye on business, went after story possibilities. Samuel Wilson was a ready talker. He talked easily and he talked a lot. But the editor knew there was more. When the occasion arose, Samuel Wilson could act, quickly and with courage, and he could work, too. Anyway,

that's what everyone in Troy said. And they'd known him eight decades.

"You were in the War of 1812, I hear tell," began the editor.

"Not exactly."

The editor reorganized his verbal forces. He tried a new approach. "Well, down at the shop, they were relating to me how you remained here in Troy through the whole war. Then they said you were in the war. I didn't quite understand."

Samuel Wilson peeled a blanket off his lank frame, wriggled erect, coughed briefly. "In a manner of speakin', I was in that war," he admitted. "But not in my manner of speakin' and it was nothin' at all. But, you're a new one here, and I suppose—" he chuckled—"I suppose I shouldn't miss the chance to talk my story again."

The editor, preparing his mental notebook, propped himself on the porch railing. And Samuel Wilson told his story:

"I was in business, here in Troy, when
(Continued on page 41)

Glory at Wake

(Continued from page 7)

the sinking of one ship and serious damage to another."

Still Devereux waited. Still the flagship came on.

"Ten thousand yards!" . . . "Eight thousand yards!" . . . "Six thousand yards!" . . . "Five thousand yards!"

Still she came on. Still our little major, the quiet one, waited, knowing that his men, straining to fight back, were growling, "What the hell's he waiting for!" and worse!

Not until the flagship was within 4700 yards and the enemy destroyers and gunboats still closer, did he give the word, "Fire!"

Marines yell like hellions when they fight with bayonets—one reason why the Germans got to calling them devil-dogs during the last war. But here sweating and begrimed gun crews were working too hard and fast to yell—the five-inch projectiles are a foot and a half long, weigh fifty pounds, not to mention the powder packed in behind them. A smart crew fires four or five of these a minute, and up to thirty a minute of the fifteen-pound three-inch shells. Not until they had converged their fire on that cruiser and sunk her, a blazing wreck, then turned their guns on the other enemy ships would these Marines take time out to cheer.

Wake's defenders sank the Jap cruiser. And two destroyers. And one gunboat. They brought down two bombers, and Major Putnam reported the sinking of one ship and "serious damage" by his planes to still another ship. Far from landing on Wake, as Tokyo was announcing, what was left of the Jap fleet made off over the horizon. And the Marines did not suffer a single casualty. From Honolulu came the report that when Devereux was asked by radio if he wanted anything, his reply was "Send us some more Japs!"

But again it was time for him, an officer seventeen years, to take stock.

The Japs now knew he had five-inch guns and where they were. They wouldn't risk his gunnery again, or Putnam's planes, without first working over the place with their bombers, to destroy

his guns, his remaining planes and air-drome facilities. They would set out to pulverize every vital foot of Wake. And unless he used his guns, which were devouring ammunition all the while, to keep them high, they would swoop progressively lower and lower, bomb and machine-gun more accurately.

The next day, the 12th, they sent twenty-seven bombers over at 22,000 feet to rain explosives on both Wake and Peale. Skipping a day, on the 14th they concentrated thirty-two on the remnants of the airdrome and though they lost one plane, they shot down one of ours and destroyed another on the ground, leaving two. At dawn of the 15th they sent four big seaplanes, and lost one. Later in the day they sent twenty-seven bombers and lost two. At 5:45 the next day they sent forty-one, to concentrate all they had on the field guns and headquarters. On the 17th they sent thirty-two to fly very low to wipe off everything left at the Pan American station, and lost one.

NOW it was their turn to take reckoning. On the 18th a single reconnaissance plane very high, flew over to take photographs. These would help explain Devereux's diminishing firepower. But they would not explain why the American planes when shot down soon came up again.

Trained by service in remote places where parts were not available, Marine ground crews know how to make much from little. Here, with their shop ruined and tools scattered, First Lieutenant John Franklin Kinney, Technical Sergeant Hamilton, and their ground-crew Marines did the impossible. Usually at night, and often under fire, they kept planes in the air. "Parts and assemblies have been traded back and forth so that no airplane can be identified," Major Putnam reported. "Engines have been traded, planes have been junked, stripped, rebuilt, all but created . . ." At one time, his hastily penciled notes of the 20th say, "only one serviceable plane was left. But the mechanics created another." After the 14th, he adds, "the Marines had only two operating planes,

one of which gives constant trouble, so that two in the air at one time was the exception."

Devereux knew that he could not hold out much longer. The Navy knew it, too. On the night of December 19th, a lone American flying boat settled on the lagoon. Though loaded to capacity with gas, it risked coming to bring out Major Walter L. J. Bayler, an air officer who carried in his pocket Major Putnam's hurriedly written but invaluable reports of air operations. He was the last officer who served with Devereux and Putnam and escaped. The plane brought out the casualty list to the 20th. Among other mail it brought out a letter from Devereux to his wife. The men on Wake knew when the big ship left for Midway that she was their last escape. They had fought the good fight, performed their mission.

Still they weren't through. On the 22d they had only two planes, one barely able to stay up. That day a second lieutenant and a captain took them up against 60 Jap planes. The captain was shot down, wounded. The lieutenant did not return.

On December 23d the Navy reported: "Wake Island sustained another strong air attack in the forenoon of the 22d (Wake time). An enemy force effected a landing on Wake the morning of the 23d."

On December 24th it reported: "Radio communications with Wake has been severed. Two enemy destroyers were lost in the final landing operations."

The curtain drops. Behind it, save for sporadic, fragmentary reports from prisoners over the Japanese radio, there is only silence. As this is written, no one but the Japs knows the fate of the little major. The Navy "presumes" that he is a prisoner.

In his citation of Majors Devereux and Putnam, the Wake detachment of the First Defense Battalion, and Squadron 211 of Aircraft Group 21, President Roosevelt wrote: "The courageous conduct of the men who defended Wake Island against an overwhelming superiority of enemy forces from December 8th to 22d, 1941, has been noted with admiration by their fellow countrymen and the civilized world, and will not be forgotten as long as gallantry and heroism are respected . . ."

Yankees for a Day

(Continued from page 21)

ice cream. Might as well do this thing right."

AFTER supper, the ship's galley—kitchen—was turned over to John and three British bluejacket helpers. The executive and I went ashore. When we returned on board at two A. M. John,

stripped to the waist, was walking from oven to oven, basting turkeys, stabbing sweet potatoes, tasting the oyster dressing. His three aides were carrying out any orders he gave. On a table stood two empty liquor bottles, with a third almost finished. None of the four had hoisted too much. But they certainly did have enough.

"My word!" laughed the executive. "I say, you know it's a jolly good thing the Old Man's not bobbing about—eh, wot?"

AS THE trawler's crew had considerable work about and below deck, allowing them but an hour for the noon-day meal, the executive decided to hold

the celebration in the evening, when there would be unlimited time. He served extra rations of grog to all hands, although this wasn't really necessary. With only Reserve Navy discipline, and even that relaxed, the men were running the wet end of the festivities according to their own plans. By six o'clock everybody was steaming along nicely under banked fires. I had managed to get hold of three bottles of champagne, and the Wardroom officers toasted George Washington with me.

JOHN treated the officers handsomely: A turkey, with a bountiful supply of everything that went with it. The crew required extra tables to hold all he had prepared for them.

Except that they were enjoying an unexpected and top-hole feed, this affair meant little or nothing to the enlisted men, who, likely, had but the vaguest knowledge of Washington. I've heard that all British school histories are quite bashful about mentioning either him or the War of Independence. The only one I've ever seen covered it somewhat as follows: "In 1776, that part of the Empire now known as the United States of America asked the Mother country for its independence. After prolonged negotiations, this was granted."

But these British man-of-warsmen *did* celebrate the day. From their messroom came roars of laughter, bursts of oratory, much singing. They rendered God Save The King—British, not Yankee version—and The Star Spangled Banner, untunefully, but with vast volume. About nine-thirty the executive suggested we officers take a look at the crew's quarters. "Just to show we're not swanky, eh, wot?"

With John as master of ceremonies, all hands were having a gorgeous time. At one end of the messroom was rigged a makeshift platform, with someone always on it, singing, dancing, or making a speech. John told his classics: The time he was a guest at the Vatican, and the one about the Chinaman trying to behead him.

Seeing us, he hurried over with a bottle of Scotch. We drank to Washington, while the crew roared approval. Somewhere, John had got a two-foot-square lithograph of The Father Of His Country. It was secured to a stanchion in the center of the compartment. About and over it was draped the Stars and Stripes.

And that just wasn't done on a British man-of-war!

We officers had intended to stay five minutes. The entertainment was so good that we forgot all about time. Anyway, what difference did it make? The Old Man was two hundred miles away, and would never learn of this sacrilege to his command.

The executive—as well as all other officers—became part of the gang. A Royal Naval Reservist, and an Irishman

without too great love for the English, he lacked that strict sense of discipline that is inculcated into the regulars from the day they enter the service. Standing under the flag-bedecked lithograph of Washington, he lifted a glass of liquor to his lips. Then, inch by inch, he lowered it. His mouth flew open. His eyes grew as large as silver dollars. I turned toward the doorway.

There stood "Hell-path," back two days ahead of time! If ever a person's countenance expressed death by keel-hauling or the cat-o-nine-tails, his did. His grey eyes blazed with wrath. A knife-blade couldn't have been forced between his thin lips, white with anger. His lean hand quivered as he lifted it for silence.



"I see you coming into money—money every month . . . exactly twenty-one dollars every month."

But already the tumult had dwindled to a subdued shuffling of feet.

"Outrageous!" he finally rasped. "Just what is the occasion for turning my ship into a swinery?"

The executive stuttered, waving his hands.

"Hell-path's" voice dripped cold venom. "I shall court-martial the lot of you! Converting one of His Majesty's vessels into a public house."

HIS interruption annoyed me. That was all. He wasn't *my* superior officer, couldn't discipline me. He could report me to the U. S. Commander, but I had been shipmates with Admiral Sims and had a pretty good idea what he would do: Reprimand me officially, and then have me tell him the whole story in private, chuckling over it with me. One great sailorman and grand shipmate, Admiral Sims. Feeling mainly responsible for the celebration, and hoping to shield the English officers, I hoisted my colors with all the presumption that can be inspired by Scotch mist. "My responsibility, sir," I said. "You see, I decided—"

For the first and last time in my life I was monocled. "Hell-path" thrust that one circle of glass into his eye and glared at me as if at a minute and loathsome species of vermin. Water would have turned to ice when he addressed me. "I

presume you decided I shouldn't return in time to witness this scene of debauchery! Since when was a Yankee responsible for *anything* on one of His Majesty's vessels? Blasted upstart impudence!"

"But look here, captain," I began.

"Disperse this rabble!" he snarled to the executive. "Then report to me in my cabin."

John, a bottle of liquor in one hand and two empty glasses in the other, lurched across the messroom. He held out a glass to the captain. "This is my blowout. Couldn't let Washington's birthday pass without some sort of doings. Come on, Hell-path, old boy, splice the main brace!"—(nautical for "take a drink")—"in honor of George."

"Hell-path" grew apoplectic. In all his career he had probably never before been spoken to by an enlisted man, except on official matters and in the most formal language. "I—I—what—what—I say—" stepping back as John came close to him.

"You know," John went on, with the glass still extended. "George Washington. Chopped down the cherry tree, couldn't tell a lie, Father of his country. First in war, first in peace, first in the health of—"

"Halt!" thundered "Hell-path." "Stand to attention!"

He had the same chance of halting John as Canute did the sea. "—of his countrymen. Hell's bells!" as the captain's expression grew more venomous. "The only man that ever handed you Limeys a good and proper licking. That's his picture. Now be a good sport and have a shot to him."

"Hell-path's" right hand swung down to where he would have carried a sword. The executive was entirely speechless with horror.

The crew sat or stood spellbound. I wondered if Admiral Sims could be persuaded into seeing anything humorous about this performance. It had gone pretty far.

THEN "Hell-path" must have realized there was but one way out with a remnant of his dignity. Possibly he knew that the story, whatever he might do, was bound to spread throughout the Allied Services. Anyway, he unbent, contrived a wintry smile. He accepted the glass, held it to John to fill. Then he lifted it.

"I propose a toast," he said, pausing till everybody had replenished their glasses, "to the greatest American—George Washington."

We drank, but before we had quite drained our glasses, he turned the tables a little by adding, "and to His Majesty, the King."

His face was calm as he turned to the executive. "Have pipe-down sounded at once and order the crew to turn in. Gentlemen, good night."

"We'll Do It Again!"

(Continued from page 13)

basic similarities by which we are profiting through our past experiences.

We are not entering this war without precedent to guide us in sending our troops and our ships into foreign regions and in the stupendous task of keeping them supplied far from our shores.

In our application of selective service we have had the benefit of plans based upon the surpassing efficiency with which the draft was administered before.

We are not starting with a meager realization of the tremendous production demanded at home to keep a fighting Navy and Army going. In our factories are still men who acquired the necessary drive in a previous war, which ended as our productive machinery was getting into full swing. Fortunately, too, our factories have had a recent refresher course in turning out war equipment for the Allies and ourselves before we entered the fight. Our start in armament is doubly impressive when compared to our first effort, in which a good 75 millimeter gun from America did not reach the front until a month or so before the Armistice, and no airplanes.

The cost of a previous war has been counted, and its memory spurs our Congress to provide, and the public to approve, ample money for this one without dangerous delay.

From the reports of the A.E.F. in France, which have aided decisively in shaping our military thinking ever since, we know the basic essentials of mechanized warfare. The point was driven home on many crucial days, including the one in the Meuse-Argonne when with a proper quota of tanks the American Army might easily have trapped a hundred thousand German prisoners. Whatever extensions of mechanization and speed in mobilized maneuvers have come, or may come, we are better prepared for them by having had actual battle practice in the first large-scale mechanized war in history.

We are not starting this time with little conception in the mind of the average American of the vital importance of teamwork with our Allies and of unity in command. The First World War taught us that, and General Pershing was our pioneering teacher. Long before the Allied Unity of Command finally took definite shape against the onrush of the German offensive of March, 1918, our Commander-in-Chief in France was one of the strongest advocates of centralized direction under which each country's men fought so far as practicable as an intact and coordinated force. There is some reason to believe that neglect of the moral by France and England when the Nazis drove through the Low Countries contributed to the

Allied disaster on the Continent. If America had not absorbed the idea well, it is certain there would not have been such ready acceptance of the unification of authority in the Pacific in the critical weeks after Pearl Harbor.

Two inheritances from 1917 and 1918 probably rank above all others.

One is the large number of veterans in our Army and Navy. Though America has not made the deliberate use of First World War veterans that has been made in Germany, where every one was listed and veterans are sprinkled through practically every unit of their new army, there are enough veterans in our service to exert a powerful influence. As non-commissioned officers they have drilled our troops for battle. As officers in both Navy and Army, men who have had fighting experience are in posts of high trust. A young officer named Douglas MacArthur, who did extremely well in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne drives, leads off the impressive list.

The final outstanding inheritance from the First World War is the reputation American fighters established. No longer are they an untried force in a big modern war, as they were when our troops held the road to Paris and threw back the invaders. Most of the men who served before have reached an age and have family responsibilities that will prevent their going again, but the record they established stands. Their sons, of selective service age, will be inspired by their fathers' achievements and will be better able to meet the test because they were reared by men who know what it is all about.

The President has called for 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns and 8,000,000 tons of new shipping in 1942. For 1943 he asks 125,000 airplanes, 75,000 tanks, 35,000 anti-aircraft guns and 10,000,000 tons of new shipping. American industry will deliver those orders, and factories are working night and day on other war equipment.

The company to which I belong is only typical of hundreds of others in its success in "beating the promise" on quality and delivery time of military requirements.

Every man, woman and child in America has a direct share in this struggle. By our morale, our ungrudging cooperation in necessary restrictions of luxuries, our buying of defense bonds and our support of home defense activities we stand back of the men at the front. Here former service men who cannot go into active service again can assume real leadership.

No American has any doubt as to how American fighters will acquit themselves in this war. The certainty of the power they will exert is not limited to America, nor even to the countries of the Allies. Any veteran who marched from the Argonne into the Army of Occupation and heard Germans on every side saying, "When America really got into the war we had no chance" will find it hard to believe that Hitler's pretended scorn of America's entry does not mask an ominous dread in the heart of every German old enough to remember 1918.

Disappointments and setbacks will be encountered along our way. The way may be long and hard, but the prize at the end is assured. It is victory. In the words of the popular song, "We did it before and we can do it again . . . We did it before, we'll do it again." Though the battlelines encircle the globe, the Axis forces cannot continue to stand against the combined might of America and her powerful Allies.

When victory is at last achieved, we will have a potent influence on the peace and on the post-war world. Let us not repeat our previous errors. This time we *literally* are fighting against aggressive totalitarian governments "to make the world safe for democracy." This time, let's make the lesson to the aggressors stick. The aggressors must never be able to aggress again. And this time, let us not slip back into reaction against the patriotism and citizenship that make it possible to administer the lesson and to preserve our liberty.

*From the SECRETARY of the NAVY in the
FIRST WORLD WAR*

(Continued from page 13)

That day came on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918. As we honor the World War heroes still serving their country, we pause on this anniversary to pay tribute to an illustrious Commander-in-Chief, Woodrow Wilson, the great casualty of the War, and to the noble character of Newton Baker and other illustrious American leaders in that high period in the history of America. As the only living member of Wilson's cabinet serving during the World War, I share with all veterans pride in the achievements of my countrymen in that period. On the 25th anniversary of our entry into the First World War we are looking back to glory.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

Old Indestructible Calling

(Continued from page 25)

that I am again meeting with my cabinet as Commander of the Louisiana Department of the Legion. There are so many Legionnaires holding key positions in my administration that I always feel proud—proud to know that Louisiana is a Legion State, deep in the business of arming us for defense. New Orleans is a Legion City—the indestructible city dedicated to the indestructible dream of a diverse yet united people. From the bottom of my heart I say it: If you stand us up, if you fail to appear in New Orleans in 1942, you will miss a little of the sting and shine and glamor and romance of being an American in this dramatic and perilous time. New Orleans will give you a Legion greeting.

Oh, yes, the dates are, of course, September 21st through 24th.

Uncle Sam Himself

(Continued from page 37)

the War of 1812 broke out. We fought Great Britain. But we might have fought anyone. We were a new nation, just finding ourselves, and we were darned sensitive. Maybe, too, because we were so young and so small, and we were afraid no one respected us. And no one did, much. So we took on the first comer. That happened to be Britain.

"So anyway, I was in partners here with my brother—God bless him—Ebenezer. We were in the slaughterin' business. Killed off maybe a thousand head of cattle in a good week. Those were the days. Prosperity. Low taxes. Yes sir, and we hired maybe one hundred young fellows to work for us in our beef business—"

The editor interrupted timidly. He feared a senile digression. "But, sir, about the war—"

"That's what I'm speakin' about," said Samuel Wilson. "When folks up in town talk about me bein' in that war, they mean that I worked for the Government. I was no soldier, dammit all. I wanted to be, but I wasn't—because the Government, they sent one of their men to Troy, and he said I was in a vital industry and couldn't join the Army, though I tried to enlist four times!

"Anyway, this Government official came to town. His name was Elbert Anderson. Grand fellow. Yes sir, he was the Government contractor. Came to town and said to me I should keep right

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

on slaughterin' cattle and packin' beef for the Army on the northern frontier. I had lots of arguments and protestin' with that Elbert Anderson, but he was from the Government, straight from James Madison, and I had to stay with my vital industry."

The old man coughed, and now the editor felt he must say something. "You should have been happy, sir. You were working for the country."

But Samuel Wilson wasn't satisfied with this. "No," he continued. "I wanted to be a real patriot. I mean, not necessarily to be pointed out as a patriot and such, but to feel like one in my heart. Because I loved this new land, and I wanted to carry a rifle for it."

"But, as I said before, they wouldn't take me. They made me stick to my cattle and beef. That Elbert Anderson forced me to. So the whole war was a disappointment to me, and don't let the old ones in the town tell you otherwise."

"Why, listen, they even joked about me. Which wasn't fair, I guess. You know, I used to give that Government

contractor hundreds of casks, almost for nothin', all filled with beef to send to our boys in uniform. He would stamp the casks—E. A.-U. S. That meant, officially, from Elbert Anderson to the United States. Well, one day some visitor asked one of my smart-talkin' employes what the initials stood for, and he, in a facetious-like mood, answered, 'The initials? Oh, they stand for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam!'

"That was very silly, that usin' my nickname, the one the boys around town called me, Uncle Sam. Imagine, usin' Uncle Sam instead of United States. It was unpatriotic. And I think they were makin' fun of me because I wasn't in the Army."

"Anyway, my employes, the lucky dogs of them, one by one they joined the American Army to the north. And they carried the joke with 'em—so that the word got back to me that all our soldiers, when at mess, referred to United States beef as Uncle Sam's beef, Uncle Samuel Wilson's beef."

"Always like that, usin' my name in

place of the Government in those jokes. Even today. A sacrilege, I say, and with me not even gettin' in the Army!"

Samuel Wilson stopped a moment, rocked quietly, lost in reflection. Then, suddenly, he blurted:

"I always had this feelin' about the whole thing. What I wanted most was that John Bull over there should know Uncle Sam was a real patriot!"

The editor was moved. "But you were a patriot!" he insisted. "And I have a feeling, sir, that John Bull will, someday, in some way, remember Uncle Sam, if I may call you that. In the future, maybe, Great Britain will remember you, Uncle Sam, not for being a fighter, an active foe or a friend—but will remember the Uncle Sam who stood behind the lines, the more important one, the Uncle Sam who was part of an arsenal and a foodline, who did his share by working, by supplying, by giving!"

And the editor, trudging back to his shop that afternoon, would have laughed aloud if someone had called him—a prophet.

Down with Highway Accidents!

(Continued from page 19)

wear on one rear wheel is more than double that of the left-front wheel, for instance. Result: they are having their tires rotated, a sensible and practical practice. They are watching tire pressures, watching out for cuts and having them mended before they become serious. Yes, motor vehicle owners are going to keep their tires younger and a little safer.

But, the real answer to safer driving is going to be common sense driving. And walking. Especially walking; of the 40,000 highway deaths, almost 14,000 were pedestrians. *And every car owner is a pedestrian the second he steps from his car!*

Speed rates are being cut down in many States, a laudable action, displeasing as it may be to some of us. That's going to help a lot. America must realize that she can still be in a hurry and yet be safe. Forty miles an hour instead of fifty miles an hour—that's only cutting the speed a measly 20 per cent—yet such action on the part of all drivers would materially cut down the accident rate in 1942.

No legislation is going to prove to be a panacea. Let's be honest about that angle, if you please. We have had, on the whole, sensible traffic regulations in every State; yet, it has been the infractions of those rules, the sheer carelessness and reckless disregard of potential driving hazards—these are the things which have contributed to the appalling record we have so shamefully piled up in the past.

State inspection of cars is pretty

general. On the whole, a fairly good job has been done. Stickers have been denied where the lights were bad, rubber worn to the danger point, brakes unsafe. In the name of safety, in my opinion, these restrictions must not be lifted during the emergency. We can ill afford to invite accidents by giving state police approval of the operation of a car with bad brakes, lights or rubber. The automotive cripples must, under what I trust will be existing conditions, either travel the route to the junk yard or be properly and adequately repaired before they are permitted to travel our streets and highways.

Legislation won't give us an armistice with accidents. That is a silly and unsupported hope. If legislation along these lines were positively curative, our accident record would be something to cheer about.

Last year highway deaths increased 16 per cent. In industry, however, there was only a 6 per cent increase in spite of a 17 per cent increase in employment in manufacturing industries. Don't tell me, as some agencies would have us believe, that the increased tempo of American life due to the war has been responsible for the jump in motor accidents! Where has that tempo increased more than in our manufacturing industries—where speed, speed and more productive speed has been the watchword that is giving us munitions at such an amazing and cheerful rate? New men were being employed, new machine tools put into operation, plants were expanding—yet the death rate increased only 6 per cent, a splendid

performance and an encouraging one.

The year of 1942 can be an armistice with accidents. It all depends on how much common sense there is in the man behind the wheel and the man walking.

To date our blackouts have been experimental. I hope that they continue in that category! England's highway traffic record has been a sad one under night-after-night blackouts, bombings and fires. Yes, but that's no excuse for America, where blackouts bid fair to remain experimental and uncomplicated with bombs, great fires and civilian casualties. In England, in a two-year period, 1939-1941, there has been an increase of only 44 per cent in traffic accidents, a record I consider remarkable. Fully 77 per cent of that increase, incidentally, has been pedestrian. Everything considered, England's record is not as bad as our own.

Patriots are going to avoid accidents in 1942. The individual who destroys irreplaceable and essential material through sheer carelessness or by wilfully ignoring ordinary precautions deserves no sympathy. Rather, that individual will have justly earned our stern displeasure.

What an inspiring thing it would be if Americans would only do those simple things which are designed to cut highway accident tolls to the bone! Safe driving is merely a combination of a lot of little things.

First of all, keep your car in safe mechanical condition. Take your car to the garage at regular intervals; take it to the dealer who sold it to you.

Let him examine the car; he has equipment that accurately detects any mechanical deficiency, in minutes. His testing facilities eliminate guesswork. If he advises you to have certain work done, tell him to go ahead. It will prove to be economy in the long run. It will give you a feeling of absolute assurance when you are behind the wheel to know the car is *right*. A good mechanic can spot a worn part that might, otherwise, let go while you are driving, causing a serious accident.

Go to your favorite service station and have your car greased at regular intervals. Have the oil changes at the periods recommended by the maker—and with the type and quality of oil the car should have. A well-lubricated car is safer and wears out very slowly! Following this advice is inexpensive—it's good preventative medicine.

Be alert when you are behind the wheel! I wonder how many of those 40,000 lives lost last year might have been spared had drivers been alert! How much of the suffering experienced by the 1,400,000 injured could have been prevented had drivers been mentally awake and alert!

Drive at a reasonable rate of speed. Always have the car under control. In 1942 it's going to be smart to cut down your personal speed limits. If you have been driving at 50 miles an hour,

voluntarily cut your speed to 40 miles an hour—it's a practical and a patriotic thing to do.

Alcohol and gasoline aren't going to mix any better in 1942 than they ever did. If you drink, don't drive. If you drive, don't drink. Primitive and trite advice—but sound as all get out!

Don't drive when you are sleepy. That's going to be a common hazard this year when most of us are working hard and long hours. If you start to nod, open the window of the car, even if it's zero outside, shock yourself wide awake. Keep that way. Drink black coffee—stop the car at the side of the road and walk for a few minutes—do anything calculated to keep you wide awake when you are behind the wheel.

These are simple rules. Are they *too* simple for you to try to follow? Neglect of one of these small things may cause the loss of a precious life. *You* may be responsible for that tragedy. That isn't something calculated to make anyone sleep sound at nights. It's a responsibility I don't want—and I'm sure you don't, either.

The gospel of highway safety needs a lot of sincere evangelism these days. Motor clubs, service clubs, patriotic groups should contribute in time, money and effort to keep our highways safer. Our civilization—the thing we are fighting for!—in the past few decades has

been solidly built around the advantages of highway transportation. This is no time to sacrifice our social and economic gains by being damned fools. Let's protect what we have. Let's not destroy; let's keep people working, wheels traveling safely. Let's make it our job to see this is done.

Not long ago, Colonel John Stilwell, President of National Safety Council, told the writer something of real import—and he said it most soberly, I assure you. "Accidents help the Axis because they slow production and impede movement of military personnel and material." Colonel Stilwell told me. "Therefore, it is more than ever important that the accident toll be cut, and cut drastically. The President of the United States has asked every citizen to enlist in a concerted campaign against these accidents that are hindering the nation's war program.

Let's call an armistice on accidents. Let's stop this wild dispersal of life and property that cannot be replaced. Let's just look over our shoulders at what happened in 1941 and be genuinely ashamed and frightened. *Let's not let it happen again.*

On the home front, let Death take a holiday.

If we do the things we should, honestly and sincerely, a safer, sounder, happier America will emerge.

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Good-Bye, Brown Trout

(Continued from page 23)

ing like as big as the Brownie, put on the brakes but held perfect formation in the shallow water, lookin' me over. Then they whirled out to mid-stream, still keepin' an eye on the bank.

Well, that sort of left me in a study. Here was this Brownie, all fought out, gaspin' for breath on terry firmy. There was those rainbows, waitin' to jump him again if I did the right thing, which was to put him back. So I picked him up and walked downstream a ways before easing him into the water.

Seems like he hadn't time to turn around before them same three rainbows was after him again. This time he didn't have enough gumption to make the jump. He just squirmed in as close to the bank as he could, in three inches of water, with nothing but a piece of stick between him and the rainbows.

What happened next I'll remember to my dyin' day. The number one rainbow riz a little in the water and started talkin' to me.

"Why doncha take him home?" says the rainbow.

"Who, me?" I says, so startled I forgot how peculiar it was to be talkin' with a fish.

"Yes, you," says the rainbow. "We're cleaning Brownies out of the Little Manistee. They's a nice mess along the bank, all waiting for you. Must be a dozen in the next ten rods."

"No, sir," I says. "Season's been closed near three months. I don't want to be caught with no trout this time o' year."

"Well, that's up to you. Either you get 'em, or the 'coons and turtles. We don't mind 'coons, but we hate to support the turtle population. We ain't worked out a scheme yet to get rid of them babies."

There was plenty of sense to his argument, so I stopped to think a minute. Then I had an idea.

"Tell you what I'll do," I decides. "I'll get Injun Joe Pichon. He lives up the bank a ways, and his family can use these fish, season or no season."

"Wait a minute. You got to make a deal with Joe," the trout insists. "You tell Joe if he promises not to do any spearin' or snaggin' this spring, we'll keep him supplied with all he can use. Okay?"

"Okay," I repeats. Then I went lookin' for Joe, and he promised to make good on the deal. Pretty soon all the little papooses was scattered out around watchin' for conservation officers, while Joe and the missus was pickin' up the Brownies from the bank. Must of been fifty-sixty pounds of trout in their bags when they quit for the day.

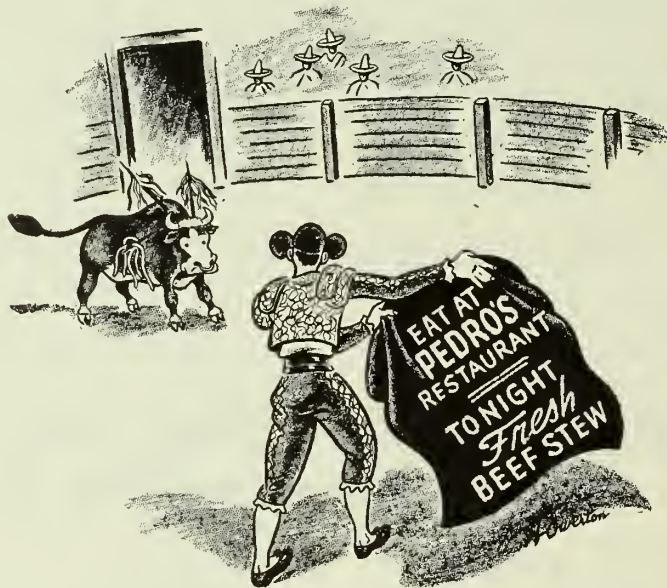
You remember how it was last fall. Kind of nasty, but no real freeze-up

until along in January. Me an' that squadron of trout become real friendly. I'd mosey down to the river, and whenever I heard "Michili Mackinack" I'd hurry along to see the excitement. It was something to watch. Sometimes Joe went along, but the rainbows didn't like him much, account of his old name for spearin'. Besides, I didn't want to be around if Joe got picked up.

So mostly I went alone, and I got to know something about the system Sam and his friends was following.

Sam? Oh, that was the boss rainbow. The head general.

"If you ever want to get 'hold of me in a hurry," he told me one day,



"just you get a couple of rocks and knock them together under water. Like this: . . . — — —."

"Why," I says, "that spells 'Sam' in Morse," I says.

"Right you are," he comes back. "Sam. Short for Salmo. That's me."

"But these Brownies, they're members of the Salmo family, too," I reminds him.

"Not since about five years back," Sam says. "They's a guy over in the old country, where they come from, that don't hold with Old Testament names like Sam. So they just use their last name. If you want to make a Brownie mad," he says, "just call him Sam."

Well, sir, to make a long story short, it seems like these Brownies had joined a regular fifth colyum of the most subversive type. Lots of big shots go trout fishin', and these babies were overhearing a lot of important conversation, and sending word back home across the water. Don't ask me how. Maybe they understood Morse, too. Maybe they had some kind of submarine contact. They was always plottin', and schemin' up ways to bust power dams, and such.

Getting ready for "Der Tag," I suppose. Well, they found somebody else who could play tag, and play it rough.

The native trout had put up with their ways for quite some time. Rainbows and brookies are the kind of fish that mind their own business until somebody goes too far. "Live and let live," that's their motto. They hadn't put up any fight to speak of when the Brownies first came in. Plenty of water, plenty of forage to go 'round, they figgered. So when the Brownies commenced to eat up their spawn and their fingerlings, they didn't have no organization. They just vamoosed from some streams.

Along in the summer, however, Sam and his friends get a bellyfull. This fifth-colum stuff was the last straw. But anyhow, they started some organizing of

their own. And it started right here in the Little Manistee 'round Peacock.

Sam told me about it—their strategy and their tactics.

"What we're goin' to do is simple," he tells me. "We're goin' to clean 'em out of the Little Manistee by spring—maybe this fall, if the freeze-up holds off. Here, we still have a good chance, because they ain't driven us out yet. There's a lot of rainbows spends the spring and summer in this stream, and we know the water. We done our drilling out in the lake, out of sight, and we came in this fall 'special for this surprise campaign."

"With the showin' we have made in this water," he says, "the steelheads from the lake will come in an' help out next spring and summer. We've got instructors out there now teaching them formations and such. I reckon by the end of 1942, we'll be organized all through the lake States. By the end of 1943, there won't be a live Brownie in the Middle West," he says.

"How about the brooks? Are they in on this?" I asks.

"Them little rascals make swell scouts. We have a brookie attached to

every squadron. It's this way. We cruise along in formation, kind of slow. The brookie swims ahead and investigates all the holes. If there's a Heinie in there, he chases the brookie out. Then we jump the son of a gun, and keep him going until he flops out on the bank."

"There's just one other question I'd like to ask. There's more Brownies in the river than rainbows, and the Brownies run just as big and bigger. What have you got on them?"

Sam winks. "We're Americans, like you, Bert. We got morale. Initiative. And air-mindedness. The Brownies never figured we would put up a scrap, and they thought we couldn't organize. Soon as we showed them an organized force, of equal intelligence and fightin' spirit, they lost their spunk. So long as they could gang up on peace-lovin' citizens, they done right well for themselves. But did you ever see a Brownie dance on his tail and do cartwheels? Like this?" and then Sam went into the gosh-darnedest set of contortions you ever did see. I 'spect I've had that old trout on my rod once or twice, myself.

"No, sir," he went on, not even breathing hard. "We rainbows invented that kind of stuff. That way, we can break up their gangs and drive out the singles. And it's workin' for us. We get 'most every Brownie we catch in the open, and hardly no losses on our side. This is goin' to be a different river next summer."

And I shouldn't be surprised if Sam is goin' to make his words good. Just before the freeze-up, I asked him how things was going.

"Just kind of mopping up," says he. "There's still a few big, cagy Brownies lyin' low in the undercuts. But we'll get 'em all in another month or two, depending on ice conditions."

THE old-timer, whoever he was, who named the town of Peacock, had a mistaken sense of humor. Grant Wood, who died the other day, might have seen something paintable in its dreary expanse of cutover plain, its sprinkling of jack-pines. Out of sight is the winding fairyland of the Little Manistee, which the old-timers admired chiefly as a convenient way to float logs to mill and market.

But now, I thought, as we sat around the pot-bellied woodburner in the store and listened to Bert end his account, now at long last Peacock could strut. Something magnificent had been born of Peacock.

Besides Bert, the "squire," and myself, the group included two others—Injun Joe Pichon and Stan Kellogg, investigating for the state conservation department. I have referred to Joe as a witness to Bert's version of the matter. His testimony, of course, consists principally of nods and grunts which add little corroborative detail to the narra-

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

*From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;*

*Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.*

*Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.*



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do.

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;

His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.

The lesson? POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH

POLIDENT

ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

Asthma Agony

Don't rely on smokes, sprays and injections if you suffer from terrible recurring, choking, gasping, wheezing spells of Asthma. Thousands of sufferers have found that the first dose of Mendaco usually palliates Asthma spasms and loosens thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep. Get Mendaco in tasteless tablets from druggists. Only 60c. Money back guaranteed unless fully satisfied.

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Creek Chub's new 1942 catalog is a practical, fascinating, reliable guide to better fishing! Shows lures and flies in natural colors! Sent FREE upon request! Write today!
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tive. Kellogg, to his credit, had refused to interrupt. But he had shown certain evidence of unrest, both mental and physical, as the tale unfolded. Now he helped himself to a bottle of pop from the cooler, settled back in his chair, and wet his whistle.

"That," he declared, after a suitable pause, "is the juiciest, longest-winded, barest-faced example of manufactured testimony I ever listened to."

BERT stood on his dignity, which is respected in Peacock. Barnett worked at a burr in the fur of his setter's ear.

"Did I understand clearly, Bert?" he inquired, still busy with the burr. "You were quoting that rainbow directly? He actually said those things to you, just as you have told them to us?"

"Well, Squire, of course you understand that a rainbow ain't built to talk like us humans. His tongue and his lips is shaped different. When you get a rainbow on, he doesn't cuss you or kid you. But you understand him all right. You know how he feels.

"As a matter of fact," Bert explained, "we conducted our conversations in in-jun sign language. We didn't have hardly no trouble at all."

Again Joe lifted his chin far enough from his fist to nod with vigor.

"Sure you didn't carry on part of your talk in Morse?" smiled Kellogg.

"You gotta be reasonable about this, Stan," Bert protested. "You know yourself that the name 'Sam' is easy in code. Just four dots and three dashes. You wouldn't put that past the comprehension of a smart rainbow, would you?"

Joe threw a glance of reproach in Kellogg's direction.

"How about *Salmo* and Hitler, and

that Old Testament stuff?" Kellogg persisted. "I suppose next you'll start explaining just what church your friend Sam belongs to!"

"You'd be surprised what you can put over in sign language," Bert affirmed. "What's more, I never talk religion with a recent acquaintance. Sam didn't volunteer to bring it up, and it wasn't my part to ask. He acted to me like a good, steady, self-respectin' fish—that is, exceptin' for the cartwheels. No, sir. Sam was fightin' this war, and he was fightin' on our side. That's enough for me.

"I forgot to say that Sam is figgering on sending them big laker steelheads out to the coast, when he is sure the Brownie situation is under control. If they can stand salt water, they can make themselves useful in a big way scoutin' for submarines."

"That would be a big help," Kellogg answered.

"Let's take a look at the evidence," Barnett suggested. He covered a counter with wrapping paper and carefully stacked it high with smoked trout taken from a barrel. The trout had been carefully gutted, but were otherwise intact. They varied in length from a foot to nearly thirty inches.

"None of these has been taken with a spear," he finally remarked. "Stan, you'll agree that these are all Brownies, I suppose. The color is gone, of course, but a look at the fins and heads will tell the story."

Kellogg examined them carefully, one by one. Joe's eyes followed every movement.

"I get you," said the conservation man. "No spear was used. If there are no rainbows and brooks in this lot, it

would probably rule dynamite out of the picture. But that ain't the point. This is a matter of illegal possession. Even if these trout was come by honestly, they had ought to been turned over to the conservation department. We'd found a place for them."

Barnett helped himself to one of the smaller fish, peeled a slab for me and one for himself. Both Joe and the setter were now eying him.

"Tasty," he pronounced. The setter accepted a tid-bit.

"Nothin' but hick'ry smoke," asserted Joe. "Hauled the wood clear from White Cloud."

"Seems a shame," munched the squire, "to waste anything like this on a bunch of convicts just to save the State the cost of a few pounds of meat. Let's see, Bert. You and Joe were principally interested in keeping those fish from the turtles? I think that was a very wise, conservation-minded decision. And while ignorance of the law is proverbially in the same category with the primrose path, it is still true that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It was necessary that someone remove and preserve these fish. The State should be willing to pay for the service."

THAT smoked trout tasted like more. Squire Barnett sampled his slab with courtly temperance, sharing from time to time with the setter. My own appetite was already sharpened by the ninety-mile drive behind me. The morsel in my fingers shrank rapidly. I wondered whether I could properly ask for another helping. I decided that I would just as soon have interrupted King Solomon.

"Such evidence as we have," continued the squire, "consists only of this pile of smoked fish, taken from Mr. Pichon's home. They were neither speared nor dynamited. We also have Bert—Mr. Ferris's most remarkable and, I must say, interesting account. Mr. Ferris is well known to us all, and favorably. We have the utmost respect for his sobriety and integrity.

"We have absolutely no reason to suspect his motives in telling us this story. Unless new evidence is submitted, I see no official reason to doubt his word.

"It might, indeed, constitute a reflection not only on myself but on the Michigan Department of Conservation to discredit a report of possible scientific, not to say military, importance. (Have another piece of fish, Mr. er—Reporter!)

"Joe, I'm going to hold this complaint against you in abeyance. Understand what that means? Mr. Kellogg here, and the law both say you mustn't have trout at your shack out of season. We believe you came by those trout in an honest manner. That's your good luck!

"So I'm going to let you off—for



"Now don't try to tell me my headlights blinded you, young man! I had them turned off all the time!"

a while, at least. You remember that deal you made with Sam, the rainbow? Joe, you've got to live up to that deal. No spearing—ever. No snagging of those big lunkers during spawning season. Or else. Understand?

"And, Joe." Here his voice became quiet, and I stopped chewing. Even the woodstove seemed to quiet its roaring. "If I even hear of any spearing or any snagging in this stretch of the river, I'm going to send for you."

"Okay, Mr. Barnett. No spear, no snag. Nor no one else, you bet."

"That's what I wanted to hear, Joe. Now, you can take that barrel of fish home to your family. Ah—Joe—I think maybe I'd better have a couple of those trout—for evidence. To put in escrow, of course. Thank you."

SO JOE trundled his barrel out to his sled, and set off for home. A customer drove up to the oil pump and sounded his horn for service. Bert arose with dignity and cared for the needs of the motorist.

Stan Kellogg stretched and smiled. "Squire," he said, "I sure thought you were crazy for awhile. But they say insanity and genius are next-door neighbors. I apologize. You've fixed it so that Injun is going to save me plenty of work next spring."

"Mr. Kellogg," replied the squire, "I do not know what you are talking about.

You came to me with very scanty evidence. I could do nothing but what I did."

Nevertheless, Kellogg slapped Barnett squarely between the shoulder blades, and hard.

"The facts in this case," Barnett resumed, "will become clear only with the passage of time. It is now mid-January.



"I suppose knitting socks for the Army has priority over darning mine?"

In—well, to be reasonably accurate, in fourteen weeks, our trout season will open.

"At that time, we shall obtain satisfactory support for Mr. Ferris's statement, or we shall see it entirely discredited.

"If Ferris has been brazenly exercising a too-fertile imagination, we shall see as many brown trout caught from the Little Manistee and connecting waters as in the past.

"If Ferris is telling a straight story, the last week of April should show an increase in the number of brook and rainbow trout native to these waters, but few brown trout will be taken. Speaking as an angler, I must say that I regret the possible loss of this excellent species. As a patriot, I must stifle such regrets if other important advantages are to be gained.

"But our friend here," and he placed his hand on my shoulder, "will see in this account certain overtones, both philosophical and scientific, that must be placed at once before the world. It is true that this matter may be closed as a routine case of poaching, worth perhaps a dozen lines in our little weekly newspaper. As a trained journalist, he will realize that he must take that chance.

"The morale of our people cannot but derive inspiration from the thought that the denizens of the deep are fighting on our side. There are important military and naval considerations, too, that cannot wait upon final determination of the facts. How about giving me and the setter a lift back to Baldwin, sonny? Maybe I can rustle you up some lunch when we get there."

THE 5 CROWNS GIVE TOUGHNESS "THE JILT"

That little guy out in the rain
Is TOUGHNESS—he cannot remain
Under Seagram's umbrella
Because he's the fella
About whom so many complain.

✓ Yes, Seagram's gives TOUGHNESS "the jilt,"
And that's why our 5 Crown has built
A fine reputation,
Throughout the whole nation—
You'll like it—right "up to the hilt!"

Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

replying to the Cunningham statements: ". . . Mr. Cunningham . . . states . . . that I failed in manufacturing ventures. This is wholly and unqualifiedly false. The company which I founded and of which I was President for more than eight years is one of the most important sources of our nation's aviation today, producing planes which I designed. I retired from active participation on account of disagreement with policies pursued by the principal financial interests. I am able to say today—because it is common knowledge—that the war events have completely confirmed the soundness of my viewpoint on the specific matters in controversy. The planes which I urged then, are being built today.

"I regret only the tragic loss of time. Had those planes been put into production as I demanded, we would have been in an infinitely stronger position as a nation when war caught up with us. Had my view prevailed at that time, vital aerial equipment which our forces will receive only by the end of 1942 would have been available three years earlier. Thousands of American lives might have been saved.

"Although I have no connection with that company now, except as a stockholder, it is still manufacturing the products of my personal conceptions—high-speed, high-altitude, single-engined pursuit airplanes—for the American Government, and the Army has publicly recognized them as the best single-engine pursuits in the world.

"Such is the 'business failure' so light-

ly attributed to me by Mr. Cunningham! As I am still in business and intend to remain so, his implications are harmful to my standing as well as false per se. On his false premise, he then constructs an imaginary set of subsidiary falsehoods. My fervent and lifelong advocacy of true air power he dares to interpret as a species of personal malice against General Arnold. In my criticism of the status quo in aviation I have inevitably stepped on some official toes, but Mr. Cunningham's reckless charge of personal malice is absurd and childish. He drags a discussion involving the very fate of our nation down to a petty gossip-mongering level. I have made my position clear in regard to General Arnold in an article in the *American Mercury* in which I said:

General Arnold was in charge of Air Corps procurement in the years before World War II started. It may be unfortunate, but he must carry the brunt of responsibility for the dismal backwardness of our equipment at the time. . . . The tragic error of this short-sightedness has been acknowledged in action if not in words in the past two years: the Air Corps has not only begun to apply the ideas it formerly brushed aside, but even to claim them as brilliant innovations! The main responsibility in that unpleasant history rests with planning under General Arnold, although we must not forget that he may have been helplessly handicapped by the whole set-up.

"These are the historical facts which Mr. Cunningham for some strange reason decided to twist into a personal brawl. In that he is as unjustified as in his remark that I am 'strictly a civilian.'

I am a graduate of the Russian Imperial Naval Academy and of the Military School of Aeronautics. I served as a naval officer with the Russian Baltic Fleet; as combat pilot with Russian Naval Aviation for three years; and as Chief of the entire pursuit aviation of the Baltic Sea during the last year of the war. In 1918 I was employed by the U. S. War Department as aeronautical engineer, test pilot and final inspector of battle planes in the Buffalo District. In 1921 on the recommendation of General 'Billy' Mitchell, I was appointed by the Secretary of War as Consulting Engineer at Large for the War Department. In 1927 I was commissioned a Major in the U. S. Air Corps Specialist Reserve, in which capacity I served for five years. Thereafter, as a manufacturer and designer of pursuit aviation, I continued my study of the problems and strategy of aerial warfare and had the privilege of participating in tactical exercises with the Air Corps.

"I cite these items from a long military aeronautical record as samples of the things Mr. Cunningham overlooked. His attack on my record and character is utterly unprincipled."

APRIL 19th is the deadline for members of the armed forces of the United States who were on active duty on December 20, 1941, to avail themselves of National Service Life Insurance without physical examination. We knew it as War Risk Insurance. It's again available to men in uniform up to a maximum of \$10,000. Tell the boys it's the finest and cheapest protection in the world. Application for forms should be made through organization commanders.

THE EDITORS

Nailing Nazi Lies

(Continued from page 17)

fail to impress on listeners everywhere the difference between the free way of the democracies and the brutal way of the dictatorships; the hope for democracy and the menace to the dictatorships now that America is in the war. News-propaganda is now being prepared in offices in London, Washington and New York by experts on world news like Wallace R. Deuel, Joe Barnes and Edmund Taylor, and experts on words like Robert E. Sherwood, Thornton Wilder and Stephen Vincent Benét.

The Coördinator of Information and the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs have coördinated plans for producing a remarkable new series of thirteen radio dramas called "This Is War!" They originated not in totalitarian regimentation but in democratic spontaneity followed by coöperation between the four radio networks in creat-

ing programs that will tell listeners at home and abroad of America's war effort and policies—simply, graphically and emotionally. Scripts are being written by master-workers; "Your Army" by Stephen Vincent Benét; "Your Navy" by Maxwell Anderson; "Four Freedoms" by Elmer Rice; "The White House and the War" by William Robson.

Our taking part in the war of the airways tremendously strengthens the Allies, since already the world trusts American broadcasts. Information received from myriad sources reveals that not only in the occupied countries but in Italy and Germany, people say: "Only from America do we hear the truth." To spread that truth the Donovan office is now "coördinating information" with the many "black radio stations" and the clandestine free press within all countries where the Axis tries to suppress truth; also with the British

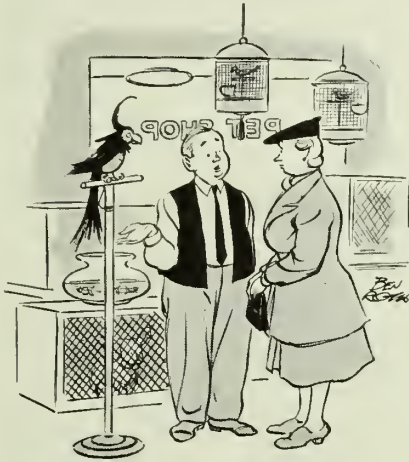
Broadcasting Company in its news broadcasts and camouflaged instructions to the underground movements in those countries.

These underground movements are growing in all the invaded countries, as well as in enslaved Italy. Mussolini's miserable realm is Nazidom's Achilles heel. There, hatred of Germany is festered and fostered by propaganda pamphlets, secret newspapers, radio broadcasts, and lately a campaign of telephone calls by people who have lost relatives in "Hitler's war." Secret reports say Sicily is ready to welcome the British, especially if they come with a "Free Italian Army."

Such an army is now being recruited among Italian war prisoners in Africa and India, partly by agents sent by the Italian-American Mazzini Society which from New York, Boston and San Francisco is spreading over the United States and Latin America. Co-

operating with it, former Italian Foreign Minister Sforza broadcasts to Italians here and in Italy appeals to oust Mussolini.

SIMILAR broadcasts are being aimed at Germany and Japan. The broadcasters to Germany are exiles, democrats, former members of the Reichstag whose voices are familiar to the growing anti-



"You'll find this one well worth the money, especially if you can get him to tell you some of the things he learned on the U. S. S. Wyoming!"

Nazi element. This element is so strong in Austria that many broadcasts have been aimed there.

An encouraging admission that the committee is on the right track, that German morale can indeed be weakened by radio broadcasting, was recorded in February by an American listening station. No less a person than Hans Fritzsche, head of the Nazi radio news service, said:

"The British complain bitterly that today it is impossible to talk to us Germans, and that our best argument is the jamming of enemy broadcasts or prohibiting people to listen. They are right . . . We Germans discussed matters with the world up to September 3, 1939. When we were forced to fight, this kind of discussion was terminated."

Americans and British think there is no need to jam Nazi broadcasts, and Nazi jamming may be evaded by using wave-lengths near those used for propaganda by the Germans.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Japan was directing against us broadcasts that grew increasingly abusive. When last autumn, in nominal peace, the Donovan office first began answering with facts, the Japanese stations tried to jam the broadcasts.

We then had only one station—KGEI in San Francisco—to cover the whole Far East. Largely as a patriotic service, KWID came into operation, and just in time. Now our transmitters can overcome Tokyo interference. Since Pearl

Harbor, under German tutelage, the Japs have been out-Goebbelling Goebels, claiming they ruined our whole Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor, trapped our Asiatic Fleet at Cavite; set fire to San Francisco.

To this gas attack we reply with the high explosive of truth, and announce only real successes. But when we turn that giant San Francisco station on Japan with the tremendous facts of our arming, the language is Japanese, one of the first speakers Senator Thomas of Utah, long a missionary there. Loyal Japanese-Americans—Nisei—give help. So will the potential Sixth Column inside the Japanese Empire; millions of Koreans and Chinese brought into touch with comrades here, organizing to help free them.

Japanese are now hearing a program called "Japan versus Japan." It shows Japanese how their militarists have led them to war. There are broadcasts in Tagalog and other Filipino dialects called "Freedom for the Philippines" to cheer soldiers and civilians in the Islands.

Among the strongest forces in psychological warfare for democracy are such groups here as Koreans, Czechs, Poles, Free French, a myriad more including Rumanians, Hungarians, Italians, and Germans. Through their numerous subterranean contacts with "the old country" can go and come propaganda encouraging resistance, and information of the effect that propaganda has on the people.

Already, secret information received here shows German morale severely affected by losses in Russia. Another excellent source of information is questioning of the now considerable numbers of prisoners taken by the Russians. Also the Donovan office has just begun tapping German and Italian domestic broadcasts to see which of our ammunition hits their people so hard the propaganda ministry must answer.

THE Donovan staff have many tricks. The minute the *Chicago Tribune* printed its pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist story that our General Staff planned an army of ten million, they spread the news over the world. Likewise, they told Christendom the Nazi plans to paganize Germany, quoting Nazi writings.

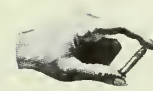
Hitler's writings and speeches often supply ammunition. So do Japan's lies, which are instantly spotted by our interceptor stations and instantly answered by the 'O.C.I. When Tokio's short-wave station told the world what war loot they were getting, but standard stations told their own people to economize for a long war, we spotted the contradiction and told the world—and Japan.

Such opportunities for quick counter-blow of an expert lawyer fascinate Donovan with the infinite possibilities in psychological warfare. Nor is radio

"Some say a rabbit foot helps



**—BUT I'D DRUTHER TRUST
THE WALLOP O' KLEANBORE
HI-SPEED .22's"**



"For shootin' pests and varmints, it sho' ain't luck, Mister Bill, it's power you need. And

power is what Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's has got the mostest of—they'll knock Mr. Varmint down fo' keeps!"

You don't need to worry about power when you shoot Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's—they pack a wallop for accurate long-range shots at wary game . . . And their Kleanbore priming keeps your gun cleaner than a hound's tooth. Pests and vermin destroy farm crops, damage farm property, cost millions annually. Shooting these "animal gangsters" with Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's is effective and economical. It's real sport, too! Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

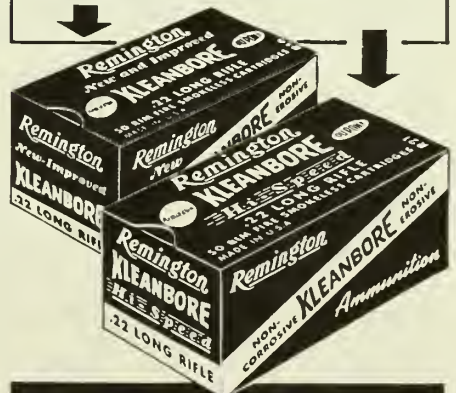
Remington .22's come in 2 speeds

**NEW IMPROVED
KLEANBORE**

Medium power and target speed for informal target shooting, plinking.

**KLEANBORE
HI-SPEED**

Maximum power and highest speed for smash, power and long range.



Remington
QUINTON

Kleanbore and Hi-Speed are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Co., Inc.

the only way. There are pamphlets to be prepared for dropping into occupied countries, Italy and Germany by air-plane, or smuggled by the many secret couriers that continually make the hazardous journey, sometimes taking in American newspapers printed in Italian, Polish or German.

Even our motion pictures may be used. Further details cannot be given of how science can carry democracy's message into its enemies' strongholds.

More fascinating far than the means is the end—to save freedom for the world, and so for America.

"I believe in my country not only because it is *my* country," says Donovan, "but because it is and will be a free country."

To help keep it free, he avoids whip-cracking. His office supplies the information to private broadcasting companies and other media, but there is no forcing. The appeal is to patriotism; no American medium is prostituted or regimented as are the Axis radio, screen and press.

But the O.C.I. pulls no punches. Donovan may not be wild but neither is he tame. When they carried him

out of the Argonne with three wounds, to a Congressional Medal of Honor, his beloved Irishmen said:

"He's a so-and-so, but a game one." To get to the front he had slid out of a nice, soft staff job.

Again he holds a staff job, far bigger, vastly more important. To beat a nation or an Axis, you must make its people admit that they are beaten. Today the front is not alone on the battlefield, but in the minds of men. There, when all is said and done, rests the final decision as to who will carry off the victory.

2 Million Salesmen for Sam

(Continued from page 9)

denying ourselves many of the things we are accustomed to enjoying in normal times.

One thing is certain, if we selfishly refuse to forego these things now, we may lose them permanently, and with them the right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness both for ourselves, our children and generations to come.

TO MAKE it possible for all of our citizens to systematically participate in this effort, the Treasury Department, through the Defense Savings Staff, has made arrangements to conduct a Defense Bond pledge campaign in every State of the Union. National Commander Lynn U. Stambaugh has summoned us of The American Legion and our affiliated organization to full time duty in this tremendous undertaking; he has directed us to act as a spearhead in the common effort to complete this important nationwide task.

We have a definite job to perform, one that requires the total energies of all of our organizations. The national organizations of The American Legion, its Auxiliary, the Sons of The American Legion, the Forty & Eight, the Eight & Forty, all of their respective state organizations, posts, units, squadrons, voitures and boutiques—some two million of us—should be prepared when the campaign starts to proudly report the ownership of United States Defense Bonds and Stamps.

Every member of The American Legion and its affiliated organizations should be the proud possessor of a certificate showing that he or she is regularly lending Uncle Sam their spare dollars. In addition we, all of us, must volunteer our services, under the direction of the Defense Savings Staff state administrators and state and local chairmen, to canvass our communities, or such sectors as may be assigned therein, to obtain similar pledges from every citizen.

The disquieting fact is that, while 95 percent of our people have heard of De-

fense Savings Bonds and Stamps, only a small percentage have actually purchased them. It is our job to tell the story of their contribution to Uncle Sam's victory effort so effectively that all of our citizens will freely and gladly sign a pledge to purchase bonds or stamps, or



"Say, can a civilian get into this war game?"

both, systematically for the duration of the war. There is no room in America today for silent partners. Every one must be an active, participating partner in our Government.

Let us all enthusiastically join in this great effort to sign up America, so that every man, woman and child may give tangible evidence of their desire to support their original investment in the U.S.A., Inc., and make it possible to achieve our honorable and sound peace aims. The systematic purchase of Defense Bonds and Stamps by all of our people will strengthen the economic foundation of our system of government, and will result in certain other very definite advantages.

Quite aside from the fact that every individual will have a chance to put his personal stake in the united war effort, every individual will have available a ready means for systematic saving to meet future needs. Well distributed hold-

ings of Defense Savings Bonds will serve as a safeguard to the entire country in the period of adjustment which must eventually follow the reduction of defense activities and the return to a normal peacetime economy when the fighting is done. Reduced earnings and some unemployment may well be anticipated during this change.

Holdings of United States Defense Bonds, redeemable for cash on short notice, will act as reserves quickly available in time of need. By lending to the Government all that can be spared from current incomes, the people will not only provide funds urgently needed for defense expenditures, but will also minimize a tendency toward rising prices by curtailing their buying in competition with the defense program.

AS INDUSTRIAL production continues to expand, the employment of employable workers and of plant capacity will approach 100 percent. We shall be producing all the goods and services of which we are capable. Of this maximum possible production, a very substantial amount must go to the Government for national defense. Cotton, wool, and other textiles must go into uniforms; there must be lumber and other building materials for barracks, for homes for industrial workers and for plant construction; coal for fuel, and power in defense industries; food for the Army and Navy; steel and chemicals for guns and munitions, and thus right down the list of raw materials and finished products.

So, although production will be greatly expanded, there will be available for current private consumption, that is, for consumption by individuals as opposed to consumption by the Government for defense purposes, very much less than might otherwise be the case.

Payment for the full amount of production, however, will be made directly through wages and salaries, or indirectly through dividends or interest on investments, or through other channels. Total purchasing power will thus expand as

production increases. Taxes, of course, will take a part of the increased income received, but even with higher rates, taxes will absorb only a small part of it. Therefore, although production will have reached a maximum, a large part of this will be for defense purposes, so that the increase in the quantity of goods actually available for private consumption will not keep pace with the increase in total purchasing power.

WE ARE thus confronted with a situation in which people will have more money to spend for a relatively smaller quantity of consumer goods. The result of this situation might well be to raise proportionately the prices of everything we buy. Higher prices would increase living costs and the cost of defense preparations.

Thus a portion of the earnings would be taken away by higher prices, leaving little or nothing to show in its place. If, on the other hand, people invest a part of their earnings in savings bonds, and there is no appreciable rise in the price level, they will be able to buy approximately the same quantity of goods as otherwise and have savings bonds as well.

This result can only be accomplished when all of our people regularly purchase Defense Bonds and Stamps out of their current income. The Defense Bond and Stamp Pledge Campaign is the effective answer to systematic saving.

Financing by means of Defense Savings Bonds will help in still another way to prevent an inflationary rise in prices. When banks make purchases of government bonds, or when individuals or corporations borrow from banks to purchase government bonds, demand deposits are likely to expand. This is true because banks usually pay for the bonds

they purchase, not with actual cash taken from their vaults, but by placing on their books newly created deposits to the credit of the Government. The result is the same if the bank is lending to individuals or corporations for the purchase of government bonds; that is, demand deposits to the credit of the Government increase. When the Government draws upon these deposits to defray some of its expenses, the purchasing power of the general public is increased.

Hence the purchase of bonds through the creation of new demand deposits has been accomplished without a decrease in anyone's spending, and purchasing power is increased at a time when the volume of goods available is limited by defense requirements. Under these circumstances, an inflationary rise in prices with all of its attendant disadvantages might well result.

The purchase of bonds out of current income, on the other hand, would not expand demand deposits. It would serve to reduce potential purchasing power, and thus to lessen a tendency toward higher prices.

THE regular purchase of Defense Bonds and Stamps will definitely assist in the stabilization of our national economy, which fundamentally must be maintained, and which will be effective when Congress ultimately passes legislation properly to control the commodity price structure.

If we are determined that our way of life, and the principles of justice, freedom and democracy shall prevail to gladden the lives of all mankind, we must—all of us—man the dollar line to provide the sinews of war and the power necessary to bring the ship of state into a safe harbor.

Plain Brown, Size 11 E

(Continued from page 15)

shoes. They were plain brown, somewhat worn but well-shined, size 11 E. Into each was stuffed a gray wool sock, heavier and of better grade than the rest of the outfit.

"Pockets empty," the undertaker said. "Not a cent on him. He was robbed, all right."

"Um," Casey answered, for he wasn't a man to commit himself. He turned the shoes to study their run-over heels.

He could have asked, but didn't, why any stick-up man would cut the name tags out of a fellow's clothes. No, it wasn't just robbery. This stranger had been up to something besides hitch hiking. Still no one could identify him. Casey got three sets of fingerprints; glad when that job was done, too; but the identification bureau at East Lansing had none on file to match. So all that remained was to send on a set to

the F. B. I. headquarters in Washington.

The coroner's report didn't help, either. The man had died of a .32 caliber slug fired at close range. His right hand was burned, too; he'd probably fought for the gun. But who wouldn't, Casey asked, if he found it pointed his way?

The second day the sheriff, on advice of the prosecutor, let Harris go home to tend his stock, and the next night, which was Sunday and cold, Sergeant Casey went back late to headquarters. He had to admit he hadn't got very far on saboteurs or murder case, either.

"Only," he said, "the papers keep calling it robbery. That's a break for us. The guys we're after maybe will get careless."

He bunked in a double-decker with a corporal from the Upper Peninsula. The corporal, who had come south for a

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patrol car, was peeling off his socks and Casey said, starting to undress, "Glad it's not me, stationed up there in Siberia. Feet get cold enough down here."

"Mine don't get cold. I wear the right clothes." The corporal tossed Casey a sock. "Like these. My brother that was drafted traded 'em to me. He gets 'em issued."

Casey stared at the sock, almost letting his face change expression. Then he put on his shoes and said, "Guess I'll run over and see if the bureau's got word from Washington."

There was no word, so he telegraphed the Federals to check military files. For the corporal's socks matched those on the dead man's feet. There were a million like them, but they all came from quartermaster warehouses. With that to go on, Casey realized those had been army shoes, too. This murdered fellow might be a runaway soldier.

"I was dumb as a ree-cruit not to think of that first," he told himself, and went back to bed.

But in the morning the Federals admitted they were far behind, classifying army prints; might get to these in a month. Casey couldn't wait. He telephoned the three nearby military posts. Fort Wayne, at Detroit, disclosed that a big galoot named Spivak had been missing five days. Casey checked him off: the dead man wasn't big. He didn't fit the descriptions of five A.W.O.L.'s from Fort Custer, either. But the story from Selfridge Field was different.

Private (First Class) Fred Jurgens, clerk in the office of Major Frank Smythe, had gone to Detroit Christmas Day, hadn't been seen since. He was a short fellow, round-faced, with curly black hair.

"It begins to add up," Casey said, and drove to Selfridge Field.

Major Smythe, he found, was in charge of research and statistics. He was a lean, precise man who liked to keep his mouth shut, but he did admit that Jurgens' disappearance worried him. The soldier was a good file clerk and trustworthy at confidential jobs.

"Um," Casey said and looked blank.

"I'm in a spot," Smythe added. "The man handles production records. Before he left he filed a new bunch, confidential, on motors. In that green case there. Saw him do it and locked up myself afterward. Now they're gone. If I didn't know he was honest . . ."

"If I had a grandmother, I wouldn't trust her," Casey said, and went to headquarters detachment to find more about Jurgens. There wasn't much to find. The man's service record gave him no next of kin; raised in an orphanage, he'd been in the Army four years, since he was twenty. Men at the mess said he was quite a hand to keep to himself. About twice a week, he checked out on twelve-hour pass to Detroit, but what he did there, no one knew. That was

all . . . plenty of nothing . . . until a corporal named Henderson came in, a scrawny fellow with a stub nose.

He hadn't much to say either, but did agree to go with Casey to try to identify the body. Driving to the undertaker's he admitted: "There's one thing I kept under my hat. Didn't like Jurgens, but didn't want to get him in trouble. About two weeks ago I seen him in Detroit in civilian clothes."

Casey asked where in Detroit.

"Taxi dance hall on Michigan Avenue."

"Doing what?" Casey asked.

"Dancing," Henderson said, showing he could keep his mouth shut, too.

It took some worming to get the story. It seemed that Private Jurgens had bumped into Corporal Henderson on

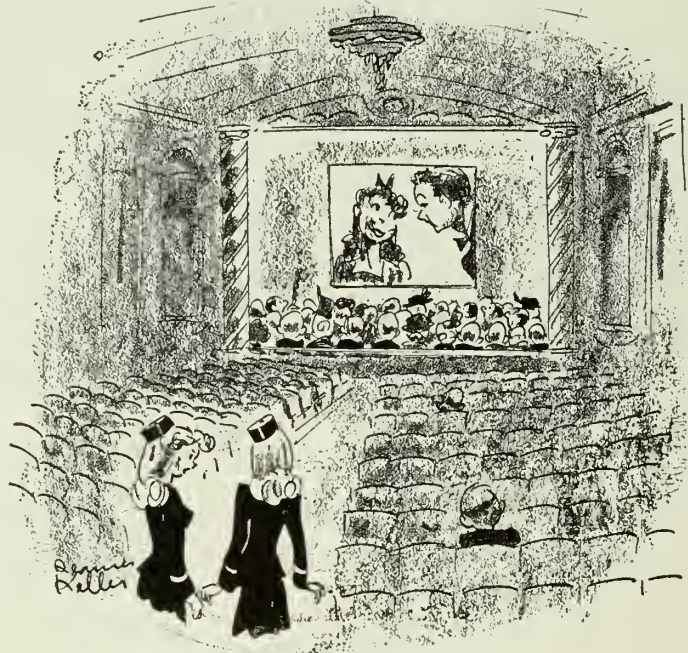
Rose is there, look what she's wearing and come tell me. I'll wait across the street."

Henderson went in and Casey called the newspapers from a hamburger joint, to make sure they got the story right, the way he wanted it printed. He told them Jurgens' name but said nothing about confidential papers. Yes, the soldier probably had been hitch-hiking. The reporters asked no silly questions this time.

Casey had finished his first coffee when Corporal Henderson came in to report. Rose was on the dance floor, all right, wearing a dark blue dress with big silver flowers on it.

"Thanks," Casey said, "I'll see you at the funeral."

He bought ten tickets, each good for



"The picture's so bad they faked in an audience to keep the customers from feeling lonely!"

the floor and they recognized each other. So at an intermission, Jurgens brought his girl over, saying her name was Rose, and asked Henderson not to do any blabbing back at post about the civvies.

"Said he wore 'em to keep the M.P.'s from getting too upset if he overstayed his pass," Henderson said. "The girl hung on his words. He stayed till *Home Sweet Home* and then they went out together."

Casey let it go at that. At the undertaker's, he led Henderson to the back room and when he lifted the white sheet the corporal took one look and fainted.

Major Smythe seemed shocked over the telephone to hear the dead man *was* Jurgens. Shocked in an official sort of way. But he did give permission for the corporal to go to Detroit, and on the way Casey explained: "We're going to that taxi dance dump, see? Here's ticket money. You go in alone. If this dame

a three-minute dance. A hard-boiled girl grabbed him right away. But it wasn't Rose. This one wore a red dress. While dancing with her, Casey picked out Rose. She had a sailor in tow, next round a soldier. Casey sized her up. She was about twenty-four or five, little, with dark hair and eyes. Without the enamel, her face might be pretty, might not. Her small mouth looked capable of saying plenty or nothing, as conditions warranted. She looked smart. Next dance she'd found a technical sergeant.

"Patriotic little wench," Casey told himself. At the intermission he gave her a ticket and grabbed her before she could find another soldier and held on for three dances. When he asked where she was from she said Toledo, but he knew here in Detroit that meant, "None of your business, mister."

"Me," he said, "I'm from Kansas City. Working for Ford."

"Mechanic?" she asked.
 "No. Draftsman. Doing motor design for Ypsi's new bomber plant."

They loped around the hall again and Rose told him to stay off her feet and next minute asked what the new motors were like.

"Oh, that's a secret," he said. "I can tell you this, though. They're so hot Hitler and the Japs'll wish they weren't alive."

She let him have three more dances and he began saying he wished he could come back tomorrow, only he must take the motor plans home and work. Time was short and nobody else could be trusted to take drawings out the office. He let that sink in. The orchestra was slamming out *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*. When it stopped, Casey said:

"Maybe tomorrow I could come straight from the office . . . check my briefcase with the plans in it. We could . . ."

"Don't bother," she brushed him off. "Got a date. That your last ticket? Better buy some, then. I get paid for dancing."

When he turned from the desk, she had another soldier already and pretended not even to see Casey. The girl in red was eyeing him, though, so he beat it, swearing to himself. He'd wasted the evening. Rose had no yen for military secrets. Henderson's tip had been phoney. Should have checked on Henderson himself, maybe. . . .

IT WAS too late to drive back to East Lansing, so Casey called the police post on Grand River to ask about a spare bed.

The telephone corporal told him there was one, but that some Major Smythe had been 'phoning all evening. Casey took the number. Smythe's voice, when he got him, sounded both elated and uneasy.

"Sergeant, I found those documents. . . ."

"In the file where they belong, I suppose?"

"Why, not exactly, Sergeant. In my car. Here at home."

"Just where you left 'em," Casey said. Another angle blowing up and—

but what was that the Major was saying?

"Funny thing, Sergeant. I hadn't used the car since two days before Jurgens disappeared. Saving tires, you know."

Casey said, "How'd you happen to find them, then?"

"That's beside the point, Sergeant. I'd rather you'd drop the case now, at least my part in it."

"Well, well," Casey said. "Drop a murder?" He didn't like Smythe's tone. "I'll be out to see you, sir. Seven o'clock in the morning."

CASEY didn't sleep much. Just how far had he got on this case? Nowhere, after four days, and that was nothing to sleep on. In the morning he found Smythe's house in a row of new bungalows at the edge of Selfridge Field. A small garage stood at the rear, and beyond it, half a mile away, he saw the roofs of the air post.

The thin, agitated woman who opened the door looked as if she hadn't slept much, either. She was Mrs. Smythe, she said, and wouldn't Casey come in? Almost seemed glad to see him. The major was at breakfast, with a large manila envelope resting on the table beside his plate of ham and eggs.

He acted as if he'd rehearsed his speech. "It's like this, Sergeant. I got home late last evening. My wife and I planned a movie and a bite of supper afterward. I went to warm up the car and on the seat. . . ." He nodded toward the envelope, and Casey asked:

"Nothing missing?" The major shook his head. "Nobody been hanging 'round the garage?"

Smythe looked startled at this question, and said: "Why . . . what would anybody. . . ."

"Tell him, Frank," his wife urged. "He'll find out, anyway. Tell him who. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Smythe looked angry; then gave Casey a watery smile and said, "No, Sergeant, this doesn't mean a thing. I've been trying to explain it to my wife. She's unduly worried. . . ."

"What doesn't mean a thing?" Casey demanded.

"This man that followed me. He may

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just have been coming this direction. It was dark and I only heard his shoes squeak on the walk behind me."

"Squeak?" Casey repeated. "Then what?"

"When I got here my wife was ready, so I turned on the garage light from the switch inside here, and I saw a soldier run out of the garage."

Casey asked, "Who was he?"

"I've no idea," Smythe said, but his wife cried:

"If you don't tell him, I will."

Again the major looked angry, then shrugged and leaned back. "I don't know who it was. Looked a little like Jurgens. Same size and build."

Casey had to laugh. "So we got a ghost on our hands!"

"Nothing to laugh at," the woman said. "It was Jurgens. I've seen him at the office. I saw him last night. I know! Besides . . ." She left the room, walking determinedly, returned at once with an enlisted man's garrison cap. Casey took it and stared.

Stenciled in the lining, he read: "F. Jurgens, Hq. Det."

"When he ran, he lost it." Mrs. Smythe still sounded breathless. "My husband was chasing him. I picked it up."

"I think it's just a funny coincidence," the major said.

"Not very comical to me," Casey replied. "But it adds up to something. I don't know what."

"The man's dead, that's all," the major said. "The funeral's at eleven o'clock."

"Today?"

"At the undertaking parlors, with the chaplain and an honor guard. I can't be there."

"I can," Casey said. "Some of my best tips I pick up at funerals. I'll take the cap, sir, for evidence." He added, "Thanks, Mrs. Smythe."

On the way he stopped at the Harris farm. No one answered his pounding,

and all doors and windows were locked, and the chimney showed no smoke. The jalopy was gone from the garage. Casey growled. He had a question or two to ask Harris, if he'd just stay at home.

Only a handful of idlers showed up for the funeral. Casey, who had arrived half an hour early, watched them from his seat against a side wall. When the honor guard marched in, he was surprised, first, to see Corporal Henderson in command, second to observe Henderson's black eye. He'd picked that up since nine o'clock last night. Casey called him aside after the service and asked quietly, "Where'd you get the mouse?"

"Oh, the eye?" Henderson said, looking away. "Fellow hit me."

Casey said, "What fellow?"

It took real worming to get the story this time, but Casey persisted.

"When you went in the dance hall, I stick around," Henderson finally explained. "Inside, looking for that Rose for you, I'd dated a cute little number in red. . . ."

"Cute? Her?" Casey's voice was incredulous, his face remained bland. "So you made a date. Then what?"

"I stick around, waitin' for her, only you come out first, walkin' fast, like you was mad."

"I was," Casey said. "What about it?"

"This dame follows you."

"Follows *me*? What dame?"

"Why, this Rose. She's in a fur coat. I say to myself it looks like the sergeant's got a date, too. So I follow her."

"Quite a parade," Casey said.

"You get in your car. She stops and I seen her write on a piece of paper. Your license number, I guess. A dame done that to me, once. You drive off an' she starts walkin' and me still behind. She's plenty snappy and my date ain't showed up, so I. . . ."

"Couldn't think of going home to bed?"

"No. I got a pass, ain't I? I just keep behind her and she walks down Myrtle Street and stops in front of a little eatery and looks back. I come along and she looks me over and I say, 'Hello, baby.'"

"What you say that for?"

"Couldn't think of nothing else to say. Then this guy comes out."

"What guy?" Casey demanded.

"How do I know? Sort of short guy in a apron. Can't see plain in the dark. Guess he runs the eatery. He's got a foreign accent. He says don't follow dames and get the hell out. I don't leave no foreign accent tell an American soldier to get the hell out, it ain't patriotic. So I say something or other and he socks me. Well, I don't want to raise no disturbance so I walk away. That's all there is to it."

"Guess we'll go to town together again," Casey said. "See where Rose was heading last night."

He drove slowly, thinking. He didn't believe anything could come of this trip. But you never could tell. If Rose had followed him from the dance hall, she must have had a reason; he'd have to find what. Maybe he'd piled it on too thick about motor drawings. Maybe she'd smelled the law. He'd gone only five miles when a tire went flat. He got out and fixed it grumpily, threw the tools back in and speeded up a bit. He didn't have all winter on this case. He stopped at length in an untidy block on Myrtle Street and Henderson pointed ahead.

"There's the eatery. Place that says 'Strictly American.'"

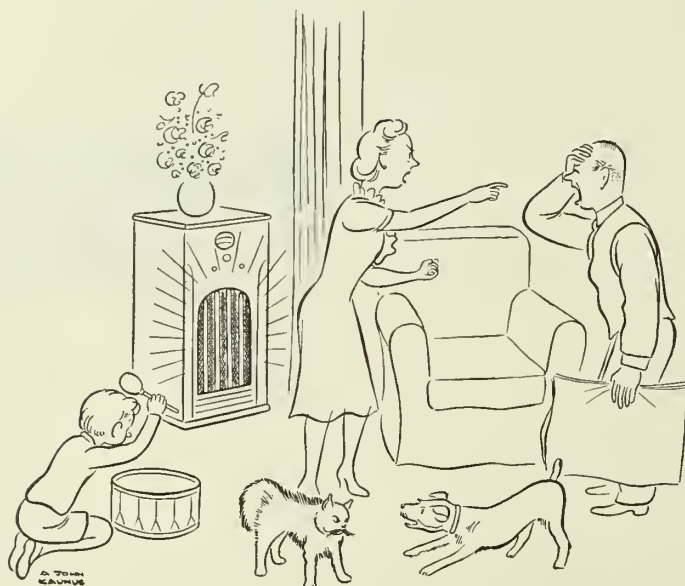
He left Henderson in the car; in front of the restaurant, paused to light a cigarette, taking his time to find a match, letting the first blow out, striking the second. It was a miserable district; there was little traffic and no pedestrians except an old man with a cane half a block away. At the curb stood an old jalopy with a worn horse blanket tucked around its radiator.

This much Casey saw at a glance. He saw, too, that the windows of the restaurant were steamy. Pasted to one of them a sheet of paper offered spaghetti and meat balls on the plate lunch.

"Italian," Casey told himself. He didn't like meat balls, but he opened the door and stepped in. It was a small, crowded room; each of its five tables had a soiled red checked cloth and along one wall ran a high wooden counter.

A juke box stood at the rear and there was a sign over the kitchen door, warning, "Keep out, this means you."

Casey sat down, his back to the wall. There were no other customers, no waiters, either. He eyed the menu, careful not to look up as footsteps approached from the rear. His face was in control but his thoughts raced. For the man coming to take his order, like the one who followed Major Smythe last night, wore squeaky shoes. Sure, it could be

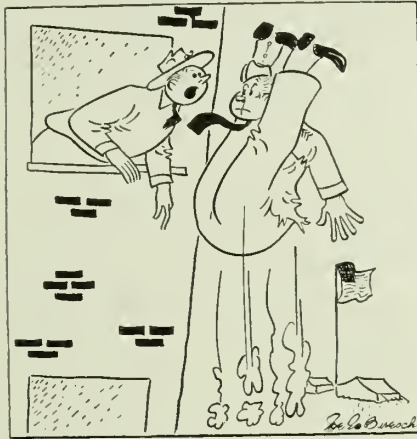


"—and in the peace and quiet of your own cozy little home, sit back and enjoy a mild, mellow—"

coincidence. If so, it was getting pretty thick . . .

"What'll it be?" a voice said. Yes, an accent. Casey looked up.

Again he kept his face blank. The waiter was short, round-faced, with black curly hair; he looked enough like Jurgens to be his older brother. No, it couldn't be coincidence. Here was the



"Seen anything of that grenade I just dropped?"

man the major's wife saw, thinking it was Jurgens.

"Meat balls?" the waiter asked. The accent he tried to cover was Italian. Casey nodded and the fellow squeaked away. Before he reached the kitchen door Casey heard a new sound. Somewhere a woman was crying and a man half-shouted: "I'll call the police . . ." the words broke off in a cough.

The voice, the crying, the squeaking shoes all stopped at once as if a door had shut on them. That wheezy voice, the coughing, had been familiar. Casey stood up, suddenly remembering. It was Harris, the farmer who'd found Jurgens' body. . . Harris, who hadn't been at home this morning when Casey stopped at his house. . .

Casey took five silent steps to the kitchen door. Inside, backed against the opposite wall, old Harris stood with hands limply above his head. Beside him, with her hands up, too, and no enamel on her face today, stood Rose.

The accent behind Casey warned, "Don't move, you."

Casey obeyed. So he'd been a fool, had he? Walked right into trouble. Without turning, he knew that the fellow had a gun. He felt it jab him in the back, felt hands searching his pockets. They found his own pistol and took it.

"Get over by them other two. Keep hands up," the voice said. Again Casey obeyed. The waiter was smiling coldly, pointing a gun in each hand now. "Ought to leave you have it, all three."

"Don't get careless," Casey warned.

"Careless?" The waiter laughed. "It's her was careless. Fred, too. He didn't need marry her, she didn't need kill him. . ."

"Didn't . . . what. . . ." Casey heard himself.

"Shut up," the waiter said. "This old fool, he's careless to come here, and you, too, whoever you are."

Casey's murder case was heading up fast, if he ever lived to put it in his notebook. Rose moved one hand slightly and the waiter jabbed his gun toward her again.

She said: "I tell you, Tony, Fred tried to shoot me. I just grabbed the gun. It went off."

"You don't grab mine," he laughed.

Then Harris spoke. His hoarse voice was trembling. "My daughter may be a wicked girl, God forgive 'er, but she never killed anybody a-purpose."

Casey kept his face bland. It took a moment for that to sink in. So Harris was this girl's father. And Jurgens her husband. Quite a family affair.

"Open that door," Tony was saying.

There was a door behind Harris. The old man's hands fumbled, opening it.

"Inside," Tony said. "All of you."

Harris stumbled in first, then Rose. Casey started to argue but the guns were stronger logic. He backed in, too, thinking of Corporal Henderson outside in the car. Tony was swearing.

"I'd shoot you all, only it make so much noise," he said, kicked shut the door and threw the bolt.

It was dark. This was a cellar stairway, narrow, smelly. Casey tested the door. It was solid. He could hear Harris breathing hard somewhere below him. Rose was crying. You could yell all day and not be heard.

"Step aside, you two, if you can," Casey said, "and let me see what's down here." He felt his way past a heap of old packing boxes. It seemed even darker below, smelled even dirtier. He had reached what must be the bottom step when he suddenly said, "Hold still, both of you, and listen!"

Someone somewhere upstairs was holering. Casey got back to the top and kicked the door. The bolt rattled almost at once and Corporal Henderson stood there in the kitchen waving a jack handle.

"Quick, sergeant," he yelled. "I got the guy! He's out cold. I seen him run out the door . . . same rat that socked me last night! He comes runnin' up the street and I reach for this. . ." he waved the jack handle again . . . "and get out the car and conk him!"

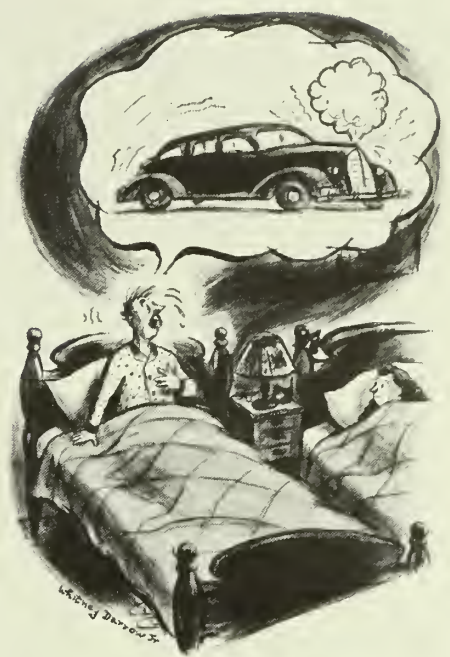
"Where's he at?" Casey was running, too.

Tony lay on the sidewalk beside the police car. Casey pocketed the two guns and at once felt stronger.

"We'll carry him back inside," he told Henderson.

They dumped him on the restaurant floor. His scalp was bleeding.

"He'll come to, soon enough," Casey told Henderson. "You go 'phone for the city cops." He got out his notebook.



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This is no time to gamble with radiator trouble! Use Sani-Flush to clean out dangerous rust and sediment when you remove anti-freeze. Costs only a few cents.

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(Speeches—Jokes—Illustrations)

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KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Rose was sobbing at a table. "Now, miss, how'd you happen to knock off your husband?"

She repeated that she hadn't meant to. They were married six months ago. He'd brought her here, right away, to the brother's restaurant. Sure, he was Italian. What difference did that make? He'd grown up over here. Tony hadn't. Tony talked funny because he'd just come over two years ago. She hadn't suspected anything wrong, though, even when Fred brought papers home to sit half the night copying them.

"Even when he bought civilian clothes," she said, "I didn't think anything. He got me to cut out the name tags. . . ."

"Yeh," Casey nodded. "So if he got picked up, it'd be that much harder to trace him."

"Then I found the wireless upstairs."

"Um," Casey said.

"IT WAS Christmas evening. I had a headache and come home early. Tony and Fred were up there putting something on the air. From what they said I knew. . . ."

"But why'd you knock him off?" Casey persisted.

She repeated, she hadn't meant to. She'd pieced together enough to prove that they were selling army secrets. They'd caught her listening; first tried

to reason, then to frighten her. She got away, but didn't know where to go for help.

Her father had been plenty mean to her, she thought, and maybe she wasn't an angel herself, but the Harries never had been spies or traitors. So she took a bus to Utica and started to walk from there to the farm.

"Only Fred got wise and followed me in his car. He caught up with me, hoofing it, and stopped and dragged me in, said I had to come back with him. He had a gun. We fought over it and it went off."

"You hear it?" Casey asked Harris.

"No," the old man said. His daughter had banged on the door and waked him up and told him everything but he wouldn't let her in. She'd disgraced his house enough, he said, without any killings now.

"Needn't drag him into this," Rose said. "He don't even come out the door. I go back and shove poor Fred out the car and drive back here myself and tell Tony."

Tony had threatened her, of course. Said she'd get tried for murder, so she'd better keep her mouth shut. And last night Tony had put on Fred's uniform to take those papers back to the camp, so maybe no one would know they'd been gone.

"I get it," Casey said. "Office is locked

up too tight, guard on the door. So he followed Smythe home." He thought: The major *had* been on a spot, all right. It'd cost him his gold bars if the brass hats found he'd let the papers get out, no matter how. He said aloud to Harris: "And how'd you happen to attend this party this morning, mister?"

The old man hemmed and hawed a little about his conscience beginning to hurt.

"That's easy to understand," Casey commented.

"I come down to tell Rose to give herself up. . . ."

SIRENS sounded out in front. Two city policemen tramped in. They looked at Tony, there on the floor with blood on his dirty apron.

"Take him to Receiving Hospital," Casey said. "Don't let him get away from you."

"What hit him?" one policeman asked.

"The Army," Casey said. "Last night he won a skirmish but this morning lost the war." He turned to Rose. "And you followed me last night because you figured I was the law."

"Yes," she said.

"That's right," he answered. "I am. Come along, now. You, too, Harris. We'll go to headquarters."

California: On the Alert

(Continued from page 29)

responsible for the restrictions embodied in the Immigration Act of 1924. Today that Committee is as active as it was in 1924. Legionnaires in California are proud of the fight it has waged ceaselessly in trying to arouse the Congress and the people of the United States to the gravity of the Japanese problem. It is again worthy of note that Jim Fisk, Department Adjutant, is Chairman of the Committee and H. J. McClatchy, of Sacramento Post, its Executive Secretary.

WITH this sketchy historical background, let's see where California finds itself today. The best figures obtainable show that there are 33,000 alien Japanese and 60,000 native-born Japanese in California. Of these, approximately 43,000 are residents of Los Angeles County. Thus we see that about two-thirds of the total number of Japanese residents are American citizens, entitled to all the rights and privileges of such citizenship. Unfortunately for that group, perhaps, but most certainly unfortunately for the State, the American-born citizen of Japanese extraction is not and never has been a free agent. He possesses a dual citizenship. He is at once a citizen of the United States and a subject of the emperor of Japan. While it is possible to

sever this dual status, it is seldom done. Racial pressure in most cases effectively prevents the breaking of that tie, notwithstanding a desire to break it. Mr. McClatchy sums up the situation as follows:

The Japanese immigrants are all non-citizens, enemy aliens. Those born in this country are American citizens by right of birth, but they are also Japanese citizens, liable under that citizenship to be called to bear arms for their Emperor, either in front of, or behind enemy lines. (While it has been legally possible for an American-born citizen of Japanese descent to divest himself of Japanese citizenship less than 25 percent have done so. Family influence and Japanese government pressure exerted through consular officials has always made this step far easier in theory than in practice.) Never, from the time of birth on, have these Japanese, American born, been free of the Japanese government. Through the Japanese consulates a directive hand has always controlled these children. Attendance at Japanese language schools has been enforced. And the language schools have been a blind to cover instruction similar to that received by a young student in Japan—that his is a superior race, the divinity of the Japanese Emperor, the loyalty that every Japanese, wherever born or residing, owes his Emperor and Japan—that he is always a Japanese.

Centered in Southern California is the

largest concentration of airplane factories in the United States. These plants are military objectives of the first order, and the officers charged with the defense of our western shores are fully conscious of their responsibilities. They know that there is no more reason to believe in the immunity of the Pacific Coast from attack than there was at Pearl Harbor.

The United States can't afford to take chances. It is known that there has been radio communication between persons in California and the Japanese forces since our entry into the war. Every person who could conceivably help the enemy in attacks on naval, military or civilian installations on the West Coast should be moved inland, at least beyond the Sierras, and further if interned. We don't want another Pearl Harbor or *Normandie* incident, and common prudence dictates that every precaution be taken.

To meet the threat of an air attack, a comprehensive and well organized air observation force has been set up through the State Council of Defense by working under the control of the Fourth Interceptor Command of the Army. Heading this group we find Junior Past Department Commander Bill Farrell. As his assistants there are two well known veterans, "Ole" Olson in Southern California, and W. O. Gustafson in the

northern part of the State. Every county in the State has been organized and the group is functioning on a twenty-four-hour basis.

Not far from Los Angeles lies Mt. Wilson. It rises 5,710 feet above sea level and is the most strategically located observation point in Southern California. Most of you know it as the home of the Mt. Wilson Observatory.



"The Fifth Column again—this can is full of spinach!"

During the winter months the winding mountain road which leads to the summit is covered with ice and snow. Notwithstanding the attendant difficulties, the observation post on Mt. Wilson has been manned continuously. To overcome the hazard of the road during the winter, a Legionnaire donated a Packard automobile especially equipped and the Legionnaires who are assigned to that post have traveled up and down the mountain in snow and rain and clear weather, maintaining their constant vigil without reward other than a sense of duty well done. What is a daily occurrence on Mt. Wilson is repeated, under varying degrees of hardships, from the Oregon border to Lower California and from the shores of the Pacific to the heights of the Sierra.

Remember that California has a Japanese population of 93,000. Remember also the 34,000 Japanese in Los Angeles County. It would seem to be more than mere coincidence that one usually finds a Japanese truck gardener or florist located adjacent to an important flying field, an airplane factory or an important aqueduct.

It was also more than a coincidence that during the past twenty years or more the sardine fishing industry of Southern California has been dominated by the Japanese. It was more than a coincidence that the Japanese fishing fleet was composed, in a large measure, of fast ocean going vessels, some equipped to carry torpedoes and all easily convertible into naval auxiliary vessels. Assuredly, it was not a coincidence that many of the persons operating these fishing vessels held commis-

sions in the Japanese navy or naval reserve. In the March issue of this magazine Karl Detzer's *Close That Back Door* dealt with these fishing smacks and with the Lower California (Mexican) peninsula as a possible base for Japanese air and submarine attacks.

To meet these threats, as well as those equally serious affecting enemy aliens of other nationalities, nearly every one of the 600 Posts in the Department has men who are accredited with the F.B.I. They go about their daily routine but report any suspicious circumstance which may come to their attention. The identity of these men is, of course, unknown, save to a few, but the efficiency with which they are doing their job will be attested by the F.B.I.

Let no one think that California is suffering from hysteria because of the Japanese problem. It is generally recognized that a large number of our Japanese-American citizens are as loyal to this country as is any Legionnaire. In fact a considerable number of men of Japanese extraction served in the armed forces during the last war and the Department of California now has two Posts composed exclusively of those men.

Moreover, there are several hundred Japanese-American boys serving with the colors in the present war. No one doubts their loyalty or patriotism. Be that as it may, the difficulty of separating the sheep from the goats must be apparent. As this was written, the Department of Justice was setting aside a number of strategic areas in California within whose boundaries no enemy alien would be permitted to go, and arrests of enemy aliens by the hundreds were being made.

We have seen how Legionnaires are playing their part in safeguarding the State from attack. Now let us see where they will fit in after an attack has been made. It is no secret that California has from time to time been visited by major disasters nor that she must expect others in the future. These may come in the form of earthquakes, fires or floods. Early in its history, the Department recognized that the Legion was equipped to play a part in alleviating the distressing conditions which invariably follow a catastrophe. Following a disastrous fire in Berkeley in 1923, consideration was given to the problem and out of that consideration came the formation of a Disaster Relief Commission—a cohesive disciplined body of men ready to function at a moment's notice under the direction of the civil authorities and the American Red Cross, in police duty, rescue work, transportation, communications and the many other necessary services demanded in such emergencies. Its first major test came soon after, as a result of a flood caused by the bursting of a dam in Southern California which entailed a

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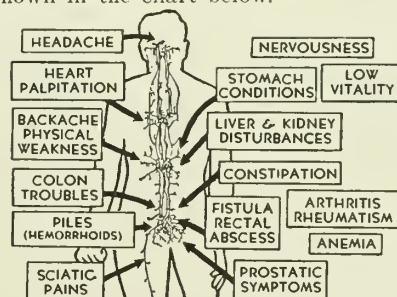


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Good News for Many Sufferers

The McCleary Clinic, C466 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute, illustrated 122-page book on Piles, Fistula, Stomach and Colon disorders, and associated ailments as shown in the chart below.



You may now have a copy of this book by asking for it with a postcard or letter sent to the above address. No obligation, so write today and learn the facts.

heavy loss of life and property. While the disaster relief problem has been for many years part of the national program of the Legion, California Legionnaires have always regarded it as peculiarly their own. During the years it has been put to the test many times and not only has stood those tests but has been benefited by experience.

As a result of the interest aroused by the work of the Legion in this field, the American Red Cross during the past three or four years has established comprehensive disaster relief organizations in the larger chapters. Perhaps the experience of the San Francisco Chapter will best illustrate this. More than three years ago, largely through the insistence of Tom Larke, Vice Chairman of the Chapter, steps were undertaken to create a disaster relief organization. Tom Larke is a Legionnaire. He had long been interested in the disaster relief program of the Department as a member of the Commission. He was made chairman of the Red Cross Committee and during the more than three years gave unsparingly of his time and his energies to the work. When war came his organization was ready to function.

Under the plan of organization, the city is divided into districts and the district committees are composed of men and women who will do the field work when the test comes.

While it is impossible to recount the worthwhile activities of individual Posts, there is one instance which deserves special comment. Not long ago a field hospital unit, the identity of which cannot be disclosed, arrived in San Francisco from New York. Upon arrival, it was found there was a serious shortage of equipment necessary to set up a field hospital. Neither the Army nor the Red Cross was able to furnish it within the short time available.

An emergency call was made to the

San Francisco Nurses Post. Although a number of its members were again in the service, without hesitation the Post accepted the call. A workshop was set up in downtown San Francisco and the nurses went to work. While it had been estimated by the Red Cross that it would require several months to furnish the equipment, in two weeks' time San Francisco Nurses Post had completed the inventory.

Six large packing cases were filled with surgeons' gowns, masks, caps, specially cut sheets, bandages, binders and other necessary articles. Many of the women who did this work, devoting their full time to it—and these nurses earn their livelihood in their profession—voluntarily laid aside their work. From their professional experience, they knew that the lack of this equipment might cost the lives of many of our wounded boys, so they gladly made this contribution.

Consider the Marina District in San Francisco. It is largely a residential district but on one side of it lies the Presidio of San Francisco, on another Fort Mason and the San Francisco waterfront. If bombs are dropped on San Francisco or if the city is shelled, the Marina will most certainly suffer.

Marina Post is located here. It is essentially a community Post. When the Red Cross began its district organization the responsibility of organizing the Marina was delegated to the Post. Rufe Klawans, a Past Commander of the Post, was made chairman of the District Committee. There are nine sub-committees covering all of the essential services required in an emergency. The chairmen of the key sub-committees, as well as many of the members, are Legionnaires. The members of the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Marina Post have duties on the communications committee. The chairman of the Transportation Committee, a railroad man as well as a

Legionnaire, wangled two trucks out of thin air and converted them into ambulances. The high school building in the district has been selected as an emergency headquarters. In the high school cafeteria, the committee has its own coffee urn which enables it to serve 350 cups of coffee on ten minutes notice. The stage of the auditorium has been converted into a dressing station. The dressing rooms are equipped as a surgery and operating room.

There have already been a number of alerts in San Francisco. Notice of an alert goes to the district chairman immediately. An alert comes at the first suspicion of the approach of the enemy. It precedes an air raid alarm by ten or fifteen minutes and not all alerts result in air raid alarms. The news of an alert is transmitted immediately to the heads of the sub-committees and within ten minutes of its receipt twenty-five or thirty members of the district committees are on duty at the high school. This means doctors, nurses, ambulances, messengers, rescue squads and all the other component services.

Thus in this field of activity, as in many others, the years of organization and training on the part of the membership of the Department are proving to be of inestimable value to the State. There has been neither fanfare nor beating of drums. The American Legion as an organization cannot supplant the military or civil authorities but inevitably the members of our organization have been and increasingly will be called on by the authorities. It may be that before long our generation will be called upon to supplant the younger workers in the factories, the shipyards and on the farms. If that should come, let there be no doubt that there will be the same response as there was in 1917. Now as then we shall be found ready to serve when our country calls.

Ski-Whiz at Sun Valley

(Continued from page 33)

custody of the Post. Among these are the first flag owned by the G.A.R. with its thirty-seven stars, and the original gavel, which is now used at each Legion meeting."

Comes also a report from Emmett Robins, Adjutant of St. Anthony (Idaho) Post, who says: "Another mortgage bit the dust when Commander Ted Kobs and Mrs. Rawl Rice, Auxiliary President, applied the torch to the old plaster on our building at a meeting held to celebrate our emancipation from debt. Our club home is a two story building on the bank of Henry's Fork of Snake River, and it is the center of a lot of community activity. Come up and see us some time!"

Encouraging, also, is the letter of

H. A. Gould, Publicity Chairman of Chugwater (Wyoming) Post, who writes that his Post of twenty-two members wiped out the last penny of the debt on the Legion home in December and, in celebration, held a big meeting to burn the mortgage. Fine business. The Post had enough left to buy a Defense Bond.

Invests in Defense

FOR a number of years Marked Tree (Arkansas) Post—four year average membership of twenty-nine—has been accumulating money for the purpose of constructing a community building. Little by little the fund increased until it reached the respectable sum of \$7,000, which is a lot of money in any man's

Post. Then came Pearl Harbor! The Post was quick to act; by an official vote the officers were instructed to invest the money immediately in United States Defense Bonds, and let the building go until a happier season. This mandate was gladly carried out by Commander Frank Brunner, Adjutant J. F. Dobyns and Milton Craft, Finance Officer.

The same idea occurred to Ventura (California) Post at about the same time, according to Past Commander Frank L. Davis. The money that Ventura Post had laid aside earmarked for investment in a new Post home is now helping Uncle Sam in his fight against his Axis enemies, all \$3,700 of it, which will be worth \$5,000 at maturity. A contribution made by the

mother of a Legionnaire who had passed away increased the investment in national defense to \$5,000, which sets the maturity value forward to \$6,300.

R. B. Jackson, Adjutant of James A. Tate, Jr., Post of Shelbyville, Tennessee, reports the purchase of a \$500 bond by his Post, and an idea for stimulating Defense Stamp sales comes from Paul Fulton, Vice Commander of Burlington (Iowa) Post. A Defense Stamp party was held on the night of January 21st when five \$100 bonds were purchased



by the Post, and a twenty-five cent Defense Stamp was furnished by every member. These stamps, 387 in all, together with the signatures of the Legion members, were forwarded to the Treasury of the United States as a contribution to Victory. Small sum for one Post, but if enough Posts adopt the idea the cash money will buy a lot of bombers.

Malden (Massachusetts) Post has another good idea, and as a practical application of that idea brought fine results in Malden, Acting Adjutant Bill Dempsey believes that it can be made to work anywhere. On the night of January 18th Malden Post sponsored an "All Star" show, with top-line actors and actresses in the Boston area donating their time and talent. Admission price was fixed at the purchase of a twenty-five-cent Defense Stamp, but no restriction was placed if a pleased patron wanted to pay more to see the show. More than 1,500 people turned out and paid in \$2,800 for Bonds and Stamps. One pleased patron bought his twenty-five-cent Stamp, then planked down \$750 for Bonds. Melvin Reed and Tom Murray, co-Chairmen, get orchids for their work in arranging the event.

In order to interest the young people in its area in the defense effort, A. A. Swenson Post of Sterling, New Jersey, says Legionnaire Peter P. Joest, and its Auxiliary bought five hundred ten-cent Defense Stamps for distribution to children in the Sterling community. And during the Christmas season this department received several letters bearing Defense Stamps in place of the traditional Christmas seals.

Salvage

LONG before the pressing need for scrap material was made a matter of public discussion, several Legion Posts were struck with the thought that salvage of scrap iron, steel, rubber and other materials would be necessary to keep the mills going. Some of these Posts organized salvage committees and laid plans for systematic collection of scrap of whatever kind the need for was greatest. One of the pioneers in this movement, long before it became officially endorsed, was Leonard Thoma Post of Booneville, Missouri, some of whose members, says Legionnaire E. J. Melton, recalled seeing ships in our American ports, even within comparatively recent dates, loaded with scrap iron bound for foreign countries. And later, some recalled that this same scrap sent to Japan was dropped on Pearl Harbor early in December of 1941. Oscar Falk Post of Menominee, Michigan, reports Commander Oliver F. Allard, has for ten years put on a campaign for the collection of waste paper, the sale of which has added materially to the Post's activity fund. On December 6th these Menominee Legionnaires went out and collected twenty tons of paper waste, employing forty men and seven trucks. On January 10th, in sub-zero weather, another collection was made which netted ten tons. All of this waste has been reclaimed and reprocessed for use in the defense effort.

Floyd Bennett Post of Brooklyn, New York, has been doing exactly the same thing and has recovered many tons of waste paper in the form of old newspapers and magazines, says Adjutant Everett Wolf. This activity in the past has provided a source of income for the Post's welfare fund. During the month of January the collection ran to about five tons. Another idea, and a very good one, comes from Anthony Wayne Post of Mt. View, New Jersey. Many years ago the Post secured a German 77-millimeter gun, which has been treasured as a trophy and memorial to the service men of 1917 to 1919. At its meeting on January 14th, Commander Paul S. Dreux was instructed to write Congressman Gordon Canfield and offer the gun for scrap: "Any time this gun is needed for scrap to make steel to help win this war, it will be freely and willingly turned over to any designated agent of the Government."

Buck for a Buck

"AT A Legion County meeting in Atlanta, Illinois, someone got the idea that something in a personal way should be done for the boys of Logan County in the armed services to remind them that they are not forgotten," writes Legionnaire Fred I. Edgell. "Someone

Sports Aid Preparedness

PLAY BALL — KEEP FIT

The President of the U. S. has given Baseball the GO signal for '42. American boys and men must be fit—healthy—strong—industrious. To work hard and get results, Americans must have time to relax, and Baseball, the All-American game, provides the relaxation and builds healthy bodies.



DiMAGGIO WILLIAMS MIZE

Choose your baseball bats as the Champions do and insist on your favorite player's autograph and the Louisville Slugger Trademark on the bat you buy.

FREE. A copy of "Famous Slugger Year Book for 1942". Ask your dealer or send 5c in stamps direct to Department L-21.



IT PAYS TO PLAY

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If you suffer from Backache, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles and feel worn out, due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles, you should try Cystex which is giving joyous help to thousands. Printed guarantee. Money back unless completely satisfactory. Ask your druggist for Cystex today. Only 35c.

See **WOODSTOCK** TYPEWRITER

PULVEX FLEA POWDER —also kills Lice and Ticks 25¢ AND 50¢



Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co.
462 Niagara St.

168-J Frontier Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.



LEGIONNAIRES IN BUSINESS

239,461 Legionnaires own retail businesses.

That means that 24% of the Legion own grocery stores, gasoline stations, hardware stores, drug stores, laundries, taverns and other retail establishments.

81,317 Legionnaires are professional men in business for themselves. That means that over 8% of the Legion membership are doctors, lawyers, engineers or architects with their own names on the doors of their offices.

Patronize these Legionnaires when you can. Encourage your wives to do the same. A closely knit Legion group strengthens your community.

BUY AMERICAN LEGION

popped up with the suggestion that a 'buck for a buck' contribution would be about right. A campaign was organized under the direction of Dick Patton, an ex-Gyrene, now Chairman of the Legion County Council and also Chairman of the Selective Service Board, at a cost of \$33.40 for stationery, placards and other supplies. In a few days the volunteer workers had reported returns sufficient to send two bucks to each man in service from Logan County; not to mention the personal interest developed in the welfare of the soldiers, sailors and Marines from each community. Newspapers—all eight of them—became interested in the movement and appealed to parents to send in complete data on each man, name, date of birth, date of enlistment or induction, name and address of parents, station and arm of service. When all this data had been compiled a crisp two-dollar bill was mailed to each man whose name appeared on the list. The net result is: four letters returned; four hundred letters of appreciation, and we have the beginning of the best history of local participation in the Second World War that could be gotten together by any organization."

The idea is not patented. It worked in Illinois, and if any other outfit is interested Legionnaire Fred Edgell,

Service Officer, Logan Post, Lincoln, Illinois, will be pleased to furnish plans in greater detail.

It All Helps

"WITH the ink barely dry on the final payment for a \$10,000 X-ray outfit donated by our Post and Auxiliary to Our Lady of Victory Hospital, Lackawanna (New York) Post voted an expenditure of \$1,400 for an American Red Cross mobile kitchen for use on home and foreign fronts," writes Legionnaire Harry P. Minich. "The Post has also purchased a \$1,000 Defense Bond, with other purchases planned; is going ahead with its educational Americanism program among the members of the fifty-seven nationalities resident in our steel city; distributed one hundred Christmas baskets; sent fountain pens to Lackawanna's men in the armed services; made the usual distribution at the Veterans' Facility at Batavia, and is holding open house for all service men who come into the area. The Auxiliary Unit is a full partner in all this work. And, in addition to the busy schedule maintained throughout the year, Lackawanna Post will be host to the Erie County Legion Convention on June 25-28."

BOYD B. STUTLER

It Will Happen Again

(Continued from page 36)

candidates for the Officers Training School. Five of us were selected to go. About this time, our regiment along with others formed the nucleus of the 87th Division at Camp Pike, Arkansas, and the 88th Division at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

"On November 10, 1918, the five of us from Machine Gun Company entrained for Camp Pike and the I. C. O. T. S. there. On November 30th, the 5th Company, 5th Battalion, Infantry Candidates Officers Training School, was demobilized and I was the first discharged soldier to return to Lewiston and Roy, Montana."

WAR or no war—the familiar American battle cry, "Play Ball!" will resound throughout the country during this month and continue throughout the summer. In fact, baseball is considered essential to keep up the morale of our people and we agree with that dictum. Legion Junior Baseball activities, too, will fit right into the physical-fitness program for the youth of our land.

Through the aid of Legionnaire Chuck Boyle of Red Wing, Minnesota, we're slipping one over on the skipper of this magazine—James F. Barton, Director of Publications of the Legion—

and giving his host of Legion comrades a chance to see what Jim looked like *then*. Chuck sent us the picture of the ball team and with it this story of its record:

"Baseball played an important part, as we all know, in the camp life of our boys during hours off duty, while training for the more serious phases of the war. So I am sending along a picture of the baseball team of Company A, 126th Machine Gun Battalion, 34th Division, of which company your present boss, Jim Barton, was captain and C. O.

"Our team—and you will see it was limited to one reserve player—had a remarkable record and walked off with the championship of the 34th Division while we were in training at Camp Cody, New Mexico, from August, 1917, to August, 1918. Sixty-four outfit teams contended for the honors and the silver trophy shown in the picture. Company A, without a single defeat, carried off the title after garnering fifty-eight consecutive games and defeating the 109th Engineers team in the finals. The trophy was presented to Captain Barton of our Company by General Johnson at a theater party given for both the finalist teams.

"The ball players in the picture, starting at the left, are: Chuck Boyle,

third baseman; Charles Plotner, center fielder; George Somers, short-stop and team captain; Frank Schaub, pitcher and second baseman; Walt Wyatt, catcher; Robert Wright, right fielder; Harley Knack, first baseman; Bill Porter, left fielder; Ray Colwell, pitcher; and Ray Essinger, pitcher. In the center, James F. Barton, captain of Company A.

"I know where all the boys, except Porter and Schaub, are now located, and I'd like to hear from those two former teammates. Wonder how many of them could now hold down their old positions on the team—say in a game at one of the Legion National Conventions?"

SPACE limitations in this official bulletin board of The Company Clerk have prevented him from introducing until now any of the additional outfit mascots that have been called to his attention. Through the years you will recall there have been numerous dogs, bears, goats, monkeys and other animals who saw service with us, presented in these columns. Now we have a picture of a pair of mascots to show. It came to us from Legionnaire Warren Moore of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, erstwhile 1st lieutenant and adjutant of the 28th Regiment of Engineers, with this letter:

"Last March in Then and Now I saw a picture of men of Company C, 28th Engineers, boarding a transport in Brest, France, during June, 1919. As I served as regimental adjutant of the 28th Engineers, beginning shortly after the arrival of Headquarters and Company A at St. Nazaire, that picture brought back memories and resulted in my digging out of my archives the enclosed snapshot.

"I fail to recall how I happened to be in the picture with these two dogs, because they belonged to other officers of our headquarters. Major, a Belgian wolfhound, the dog nearest me, belonged to our C. O., Lieutenant Colonel Stuart R. Elliott, now of Ishpeming, Michigan, and Jack, a Lorraine sheep dog, was the property of Father James Baker, 1st lieutenant and regimental chaplain.

"A third animal, missing from the group, is Johnnie, a smooth-haired fox terrier, self-attached to our headquarters but unclaimed by both officers and enlisted men. A well-founded rumor was that three of Johnnie's masters, all captain officers and of different nationalities, had been killed in battle. Johnnie received polite attention from all of us, even to the point of being admitted indoors during the coldest nights. One story about him, recited by members of a French machine-gun detachment near our barracks, was that Johnnie was out in search of his former masters.

"Jack, the sheep dog, also arrived without invitation and with an injured leg which was treated by our regimental surgeon at the request of the C. O. His affection was then bestowed upon the C. O., Colonel Elliott, who fed him from the table much to the disgust of at least one officer. Major, a rather dumb but affectionate young dog, failing to recognize a shepherd dog's responsibility for his flock of sheep, made the mistake of trying to nip one of the herd and was badly lacerated.

"I had a number of years in the Regular Army before the war and varied experiences. During September, 1915, when Texas City, Texas, was swept by a tidal wave that washed some sea-going vessels some miles up onto prairie land, I was a member of the 6th U. S. Cavalry, toured with an exhibition troop, and went into Mexico after Pancho Villa following the raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

"During the fall of 1917, I resigned a commission to get overseas, sailed as regimental sergeant major of the 28th Engineers, and later was commissioned a 2d lieutenant and promoted to 1st lieutenant, becoming regimental adjutant of the 28th. The 28th Engineers was never assembled as a regiment. Various units, after brief training at Camp Meade, Maryland, followed the headquarters across and were stationed at various points near the front lines.

"Chaplain James Baker came from Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, but I've lost track of him. I should like to hear from him and from other men with whom I served in the 28th."

Oldtimers of the Then and Now Gang may recall a picture of the two ships washed ashore in Texas during 1915, mentioned by Legionnaire Moore, that was used in our department in the issue for June, 1935. That picture came from Legionnaire William P. Simons, ex-4th Artillery, of Knoxville, Iowa.

OCCASIONALLY, the slogan "Join the Navy and See the World" seems to work out in fact, notwithstanding complaints of plenty of gobs that most of their service was spent on shore stations or was devoid of many lengthy tours. We hear from an ex-gob, R. M. Howard of Don R. Grable Post, Ilwaco, Washington, who has just cause to boast—and so we'll let you read his yarn:

"Many months ago, I read with interest

IN THE MAY ISSUE

The Legion's part in the
O.C.D. by Past National
Commander Ray Murphy



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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

January 31, 1942

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 864,731.75
Accounts receivable	78,821.12
Inventories	122,303.76
Invested funds	2,454,479.94
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,260.65
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,637.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	44,207.48
Deferred charges	23,401.96
	3,927,844.30

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	84,800.76
Funds restricted as to use	35,362.05
Deferred revenue	591,186.23
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,260.65
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,420,492.99
Unrestricted capital ..	581,741.62
	3,002,234.61
	\$3,927,844.30

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
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two items in Then and Now—one by ex-gob Charles Patterson formerly of the U. S. Subchaser No. 78 in which he mentioned his visit to Corfu, Greece, and the other by Legionnaire William E. Dix who enumerated some of his experiences in and about Coblenz, Germany, while with the Army of Occupation, with particular reference to old Fortress Ehrenbreitstein.

"Those two tales were especially interesting to me as I also had the opportunity to visit the Island of Corfu twice and the Occupied Area of Germany once.

"I was aboard the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, flagship of the American Naval Forces operating in European waters directly after the signing of the Armistice. I am curious to learn if any other ship in Uncle Sam's Navy covered more miles and saw as many different countries as the old *Pittsburgh*! Here's my challenge to other deep-sea sailors:

"We had just returned from the Southern Hemisphere, flying the longest 'homeward-bound' pennant ever flown by a U. S. man-o'-war—520 feet. (See Ripley's 'Believe It or Not' of about five years ago.)

"But getting back to our European service after the Armistice: Our bases there were apparently Venice, Italy, Cherbourg, France, and Southampton, England, as we touched those ports most frequently. We visited, I believe, almost every port in the Mediterranean, Adriatic and Black Seas. We went around through the Kiel Canal to Danzig and later through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea. It was my opportunity to visit every country in Europe except three—Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

"We were through the Balkan States, the Ottoman Empire, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. We were in Sarajevo, Serbia, where the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated—which act precipitated the World War. We were through Italy from stem to stern, including Venice, Milan, Genoa, Naples, Florence, Rome, and Palermo, Sicily. We were through the Southern Alps of Switzerland and at Lake Como and Lake Lugano. We attended High Mass in the great and magnificent St. Charles Cathedral in Milan on Christmas Day in 1920. We went through the catacombs in Rome, we rode on the historical Appian Way, we saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Acropolis in Athens, and the Forest of Lebanon. We climbed Mt. Etna and Mt. Vesuvius.

"We visited Constantinople, Athens, Salonika, Sebastopol, Nice, Paris, Rheims, London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Antwerp, Brussels, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, The Hague, Barcelona, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Vienna, Budapest, Malta, Odessa, Batoum and what was left of Armenia. We carried refugees out of Spalato, Dalmatia, and Fiume, Istria, when Gabriel d'Annunzio, the poet warrior of Italy, ransacked those countries to subdue the

Slavs. We carried refugees out of Southern Russia and the Crimean Peninsula when General Wrangell came in with his army to fight the Bolsheviks. We rescued refugees from Smyrna when it was burned by the Turks.

"I surely would like to hear from some of the boys who were with me at this time. Where are Payne, Yantis, Mashbourn, Clemens, Peterson, Hartig and 'Bolivar' Davis?"

EACH issue of this magazine that is distributed means just one month less in which to make plans for your outfit reunion in conjunction with the Legion National Convention in New Orleans, Louisiana, September 21st to 24th. So, if you want to meet your old comrades down South next fall, it's time to advise The Company Clerk so that announcement may appear in this column.

Details of the following New Orleans National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—11th annual natl. reunion. Thos. W. Murphy, chmn., 30 Porter Av., Ocean Springs, Miss.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention reunion of vets of all Air Serv. branches. Henry Le Febvre, chmn., 1820 St. Charles Av., New Orleans.

NATL. AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS.—Southern district reunion, New Orleans. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123½ W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

SIBERIA, A.E.F.—5th annual natl. reunion. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112¼ Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. VET. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. R. 3, Box 78, Kingston, N. Y.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Bn. now being organized in New Orleans. Chas. C. Zatarin, 5910 Pontchartrain Blvd., New Orleans, or E. J. Price, natl. adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR NAVY RADIOMEN—Annual natl. reunion and All-Navy headquarters. Mark Feder, yeoman, 132 S. George St., York, Pa.

7TH DIV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Annual natl. reunion. For details reunion and organization of local chapters, write Ralph R. Conner, adjt.-fin. offer., Box 693, Riviera, Fla.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—3d annual reunion. Write Harry Berg, natl. adjt., 3146 15th Av., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

20TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Harry McBride, 1234 26th St., Newport News, Va.

DIXIE (31ST) DIV.—Natl. reunion-dinner. Walter A. Anderson, secy.-treas., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

Co. E, 16TH INF.—Reunion. F. H. (Cpl. Red) Ashby, 612 Av. E., Ft. Madison, Iowa.

15TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh, Pa. 6.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—Annual reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325-47th St., Union City, N. J., or J. M. Kellner, pres., R. 7, Oakwood Manor, Pontiac, Mich.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion. For details, and copy *Highway Life*, write Jim P. Henriksen, 2922 N. Kilbourn Av., Chicago, Ill.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Annual reunion. W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—For reunion information, write Mrs. Estelle Swanton, hostess chmn., 2100 Adams St., New Orleans, La., or Albert I. Almand, pres., 333 Holderness St., S.W., Atlanta, Ga.

114TH SUP. TRN., Cos. D & E—Reunion. W. W. Bloemer, Co. Clerk, Co. D, Batesville, Ind.

MOTOR TRANSP. Co. 389 (FORMERLY #18 TRAIN)—Reunion and organization. Write Lewis Hibbard, 612 W. Washington Av., Ionia, Mich.

U. S. S. *Charleston*—Reunion of crew. Write O. D. Turner, U. S. Naval Base, Algiers, La., or A. H. Russell, Modern Cafe, Three Rivers, Tex.

U. S. S. *Dekalb* LAST MAN'S CLUB—Reunion. New Orleans, Sept. 21. Ted Stolp, secy., 5404 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or Claude McClintock, 4320 Tennyson St., Denver, Colo.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the New Orleans Legion National Convention follow:

NATL. YEOMEN (F)—Annual New York and New Jersey reunion dinner in May. For time and place, write Miss Clara Dörner, chmn., 211

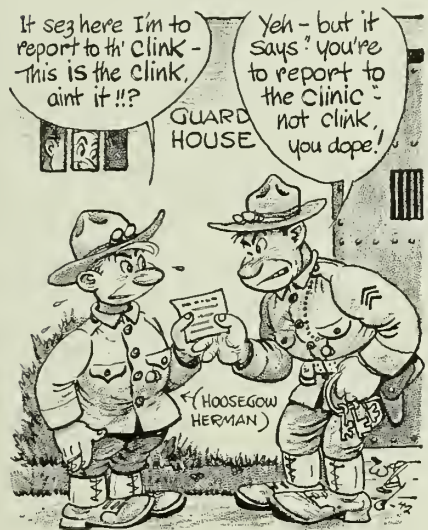
Bedford Park Boulevard, Bronx, New York.
Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual natl. reunion, Rochester, N. Y., July 9-11. Ted Dash, chmn., 2493 East Av., Rochester.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW ENGLAND—Annual reunion, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., Apr. 11. Ben Pollack, secy., 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Silver Jubilee reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Elmer Taylor, secy-treas., 2124 18th St., S. W., Akron, will furnish details and copy of regimental roster.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual natl. convention-reunion, Springfield, Mass., June 25-28. Dennis J. Brunton, chmn., 42 Ranney St., Springfield.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—2d Annual Memorial Serv.



ices, Boalsburg Shrine, Boalsburg, Centre County, Pa., Sun., May 17. Wm. A. Miller, 2736 Boas St., Harrisburg, Pa.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6. Lester Benston, chmn., 205 Wacker Dr., Chicago.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.

7TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring dance and military pageant, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, Apr. 25. Bernard Marvelle, chm., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

78TH (LIGHTNING) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—All-day spring reunion and patriotic rally, Capitol Hotel, 50th St. & 8th Av., New York City, Apr. 18. Ray W. Taylor, gen. secy., Box 482, Closter, N. J.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—25th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 6-9. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 212 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. A. L. Bradbury, 478 E. Exchange St., Akron, or Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

101ST INF. VETS. ASSOC.—25th anniversary banquet, Hotel Bradford, Boston, Mass., May 2. Jas. J. Powers, gen. chmn., 310 Elm St., Canton, Mass.

309TH INF. VETS.—Dedication 309th memorial window in chapel, Fort Dix, N. J., in June. For details, write Walter Bennett, 410 36th St., Union City, N. J.

314TH INF. VETS. AEF—Annual convention, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25-27. Geo. E. Hentschel, natl. secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

332D INF. ASSO. (incl. 31ST F. H.)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.

Co. G (142D INF.) ASSOC.—9th reunion, American Legion Home, Amarillo, Tex., May 2. Hq. at Herring Hotel. For company roster, write Chas. Hoppin, adjt., 214 E. 7th Av., Amarillo.

Co. K, 308TH INF.—Annual reunion-dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Apr. 18. Simon Reiss, 200 Haven Av., New York City.

305TH M. G. BN.—Annual reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, May 9. Chas. V. "Doc" Lewis, 50 Broad St., New York City. Battalion history now available.

Al. G. VETS. ASSOC., 108TH INF.—18th reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Apr. 25-26. Jas. A. Edwards, 331 Breckenridge St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Co. F, 2d PIONEER INF.—For company roster, brief history and proposed 1942 reunion plans, write Fred W. Whish, 15 Forbes Av., Rensselaer, N. Y., or F. M. Colvin, sec., 529 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 1-2. James K. Dunn, secy., 723 11th St., New Brighton, Pa.

Chicago, Ill., about May 2. To confirm date, G. E. Kaplanek, 1250 N. Pine Av., Chicago.

BTRY. B, 3d F. A.—Annual reunion with Pa. Legion Dept. Convention, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 20-22. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

BTRY. B, 55TH ART., AEF VETS. ASSOC.—18th reunion, reception and banquet, Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Apr. 18. Jos. A. Murray, adjt., c/o UDC, 63 Leon St., Boston.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK VETS.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-5. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

304TH AMM. TRN. ASSOC.—For time and place 25th reunion, write R. B. Cook, secy-treas., 300 Howell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NATL. AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS—Annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1-3. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123 1/2 W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21. Jas. A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, pub. chmn., 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh 6.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12. Write Francis P. Conway, 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

23D ENGRS., NEW ENGLAND ASSOC.—Annual meeting and reunion, Boston, Mass., Apr. 25. B. D. Connor, secy-treas., 32 Bishop Rd., Quincy, Mass.

23D ENGRS.—Central States stag reunion, Lemon Park, Indian Lake, Vicksburg, Mich., June 20-21. R. S. Cowan, 12715 Northlawn Av., Detroit, Mich.

52D ENGRS. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Penn-Beaver Hotel, Rochester, Pa., July 25-27. J. A. Bell, 412 E. Leasure Av., New Castle, Pa.

61ST R. R. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., June 19-21. E. M. Soboda, natl. secy., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wis.

314TH ENGRS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, York Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.

304TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion-banquet, Lancaster, Pa., May 2. J. P. Tyrrell, secy., 6144 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

322D F. S. BN.—For souvenir roster, write J. Merkelbach, 1530 44th Av., San Francisco, Calif.; No. Calif. reunion, San Francisco, Nov. 7. Dr. John P. O'Brien, Flood Bldg., San Francisco; So. Calif. reunion, Los Angeles, Nov. 11. David C. Levenson, Arcade Bldg., Los Angeles.

15TH CAV.—Reunion. For time and place, write John Faulkner, Box 62, Moultrie, Ga.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 24. C. R. Summers, 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A.E.F. SIBERIA—Reunion during Calif. Legion Dept. Conv. For time and place, write L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112 1/2 Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE, 1918—Spring frolic, Minneapolis, Minn., Apr. 11. Ray Luther, comdr., 5317 Park Av., Minneapolis.

Co. A, 311TH MILITARY POLICE—Proposed Legion Post of M. P. vets. Write Earl Salomon, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

USAAC NATL. ASSOC.—Silver Anniversary convention for USAAC's and A.F.S. vets, July 30-Aug. 2. Allentown, Pa. Walter H. Davidson, chmn., 526 N. Berks St., Allentown.

BASE HOSP. 2 (ETRETAT ASSOC.)—25th reunion, New York City, in May. For dates, write Whitey, 137-73 Belknap St., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.

PASADENA AME. Co. 1 (SEC. 563-4-5-6, USAAS)—Reunion, Pasadena, Calif., June 13. C. D. Clearwater, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—For membership, and details annual reunion, New York City, in Oct., write J. Frank Burke, natl. secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass.

SUBCHASERS #1-342-343-344-345 & 346—5th reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in May. For date, write Walter "Buck" Fulmer, 3403 Friendship St., Philadelphia.

U. S. S. Burrows WORLD WAR ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 11. P. E. Cocchi, secy., 25 Malden St., Springfield, Mass.

U. S. S. Iowa—6th reunion, Lake Aquilla, Chardon, Ohio, July 26. Wendell R. Lerch, secy., 348 Front St., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Nevada—Proposed summer reunion of crew, Boston, Mass. For date, write Jack Geary or Paul McGrath, Engine 32, Boston Fire Dept., Bunker Hill St., Charlestown, Mass.

U. S. S. President—Proposed reunion, A. M. Walker, 122 Union St., Bay St. Louis, Miss.

NATL. OTRANTO-KASHMIR ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 4. A. H. Telford, secy., 124 E. Simmon St., Galesburg, Ill.

Co. 111, 15TH REGT., U.S. NAV. AVIATION, GREAT LAKES—Proposed reunion. Ward A. Fabrick, R. R. 2, Rockford, Ill.

G.H.Q. BN. (all units attached to GHQ, CHAUMONT, FRANCE)—Annual reunion, Detroit-Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., May 16-17. Edwin J. Priess, comdr., 346 S. 12th St., Saginaw, Mich., or C. A. Maynard, chief-of-staff, 93 Wenonah Dr., Pontiac, Mich.

Copy of Military Medals and Insignia of the U. S. may be obtained from J. McDowell Morgan, 723 1/2 Porter St., Glendale, Calif.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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BURSTS ONE MAN'S BURST IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S DUD

LEGIONNAIRE ERNEST WESSEN of Mansfield, Ohio, bookman and raconteur, says that when on an Alaskan station one of the youngsters who was filled with an excess of missionary zeal became the butt of rough horseplay. One evening while he was sitting in a comfortable chair in the club, a big fellow stepped up behind him and dropped some ink on his book. The young chap popped up and, as he arose, unwound a haymaker, starting from about his shoetops. Socko! It caught the tormentor right on the button, and he curled up in a far corner with a broken jaw.

The youngster looked around, rubbed his fist, then drawled to nobody in particular: "Aw-w-w, shucks! I went and lost my temper!"

DAD criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when Billy chipped in with the remark: "I think it was a darn good show for a nickel."

JUST after the adjournment of the Milwaukee Convention, when Legion brass hats were as thick as hops in the Chicago area, Past National Commander Steve Chadwick filled a speaking engagement in a suburban town. He wore his uniform and, of course, his red cap. Coming back to his hotel on the train his cap caught the attention of a couple a few seats away, but still within earshot. "He's a Past National Commander of the Legion," one of the fellows re-



"Private Jones, you'll have to stop using your bayonet to cut limburger cheese!"

marked. "Who is he? 'Tain't Henry Stevens."

The second chap sized the subject of inquiry up. "Yes, I know him. He's Bridges, from out on the West Coast."

LEGIONNAIRE PAUL H. BEMARD of New Bedford (Massachusetts) Post chuckles over this one. The company commander was concerned about the food served to his men. It was his habit to ask the soldiers about the chow and what they had had at the last meal. Of a new recruit, he asked: "Private Smith, what did you have for dinner?" "Taters, sir."

The captain turned to a sergeant. "What does he mean by 'taters'?"

"It's only his bloomin' ignorance, sir," said the sergeant. "He means spuds."

WELL, well, out of the mouth of babes, chuckles Past Commander A. G. Manning, of Brighton (Vermont) Post, who says that his eight-year-old son was playing war with a chum. They had a complete military establishment, including soldiers, sailors, tanks, battle fleet and all. The chum called out: "Say, can you let me have a few soldiers?" "Can't spare any," replied the lad, "but I can send you a general."

TWO old codgers were yarning about hot places. "Why," said one, "I worked in a place that was so hot we had to cut off our hair to keep the natural oil in it from steaming and sizzling."

"But you could still spit?" asked the other.

"Oh, sure," came the reply.

"Then you don't know what real heat is," said No. 2. "I worked in a desert town once where all the stamps had to be pinned on the letters. Nobody could scare up enough moisture to lick the stamps."

EDGAR H. McDERMOTT of Montebello (California) Post says that when he busted into the Army in 1917,

he spent a few of his rookie days at Columbus Barracks, Ohio. A morning or two after he landed at the barracks the Top Kick, at early formation, called out: "I want forty barbers. Qualified men will take one step forward."

At least seventy-five stepped forward. "Now, that's fine," remarked the Sergeant, "Corporal, give each one of these tonsorial artists a lawnmower and put them to work mowing the lawn."

SEEN by Past Commander L. J. Snow, of Petaluma (California) Post, in a local newspaper: "Mrs. Blank shot a rattlesnake in her yard yesterday with a shotgun which was three feet, six inches long and had ten rattles and a button."

ACOLORED lad, fresh from the camp with a couple of months' pay in his pocket, made the rounds of the city and finally wound up in jail. At court the next morning the clerk read: "Drunk, disorderly conduct, resisting an officer, refusing to pay taxi bill, aggravated assault, using profane language," and so on, until he ran out of breath.

"Well, boy," said the judge, severely, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No, sah, Judge, I reckon not," said the offender. "That there gentleman over in the corner done mentioned everything I can think of."

NATIONAL COMMANDER LYNN STAMBAUGH tells a story about two Legionnaires who worked themselves into a lather arguing military strategy in general and the Far East in particular. Then it occurred to them that neither knew of the previous service of the other. "What do you know about war, anyway?" the big chap asked. "What was your outfit in the World War?"

"I served in the Navy," replied the second part of the argument.

"Well, now, ain't that just ducky!" chirped his opponent. "So did my wife!"



"No, sir, I'm not a natural born citizen. I was born February 29th!"



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(This adv. prepared by J. M. Mathes, Inc.)

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